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THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED PAPER AND ILLUSTRATED TIMES

November 23, 1907.

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.

An alleged photograph of T. C. Druce, with part of the alleged picture of the Fifth Duke above it. It has been suggested that the beard is a false one.

The alleged picture of the Fifth Duke, which Mr. Avory states is not a genuine portrait. Above is part of the picture alleged to represent T. C. Druce.

THE DRUCE-PORTLAND MYSTERY IN COURT.

This sensational case promises to become as historic as the famous Tichborne Trial, and already the public has been treated to several mild shocks. In the present state of the proceedings it is impossible and improper to comment at any length upon the doings of the court, save to point out the enormous interests at stake. The charge of perjury brought against Mr. Herbert Druce by Mr. George Hollamby Druce, is an attempt to have the grave of Mr. T. C. Druce (alleged by the claimant to have been the eccentric Fifth Duke of Portland) opened. The perjury charge is based on an affidavit made by Mr. Herbert Druce, in which he states that he saw his father lying dead and in his coffin. This the plaintiffs contend is incorrect, and they are now trying to prove that T. C. Druce—grandfather of George Hollamby Druce—existed only in the person of the Fifth Duke, and that, as he died some years later, there could have been no body in the coffin. Our photograph on the left is of Holcombe House, Mill Hill, Hendon, where T. C. Druce lived, and where the funeral procession halted. Our right photograph shows the Baker Street Bazaar, which is figuring so much in the evidence.

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THE EDITOR TO HIS FRIENDS.

ROYALTIES WHOLESALE.

MY DEAR READERS,—

HAVE you seen a royalty? If you haven't, you must have been hiding away very determinedly in the deepest cellar of your family castle, for royalties are becoming as common as the unemployed. The papers are full of their doings, the streets keep on breaking-out into decorations—the same old poles and flags, apparently, that welcomed the rulers of past generations—and here, there, and everywhere royalties may be seen; in full state of gold and scarlet, in the more prosaic garb of incognito, and in weird uniforms that would make a fashionable beauty envious.

KING EDWARD THE PEACEMAKER.

Much of this popularity of England as a holiday-haunt for weary rulers is due to King Edward, whose splendid diplomacy has done so much to keep secure the peace of Europe. These other rulers, whose lives may be more strenuous, seem to feel that in coming to England they have accepted the invitation of a friend—of one who wishes them well. It is good that this should be the case, for the visiting of Kings and Queens means banquets, decorations, and the spending of money. A small party of people have cried out against this seeming waste, but would they do so if they took the trouble to think? They tell you to turn your eyes from the feasting of the rulers to the starving of the unemployed, and forget that there would be many more unemployed if these great banquets and State festivities were abandoned.

The spending of money means the circulation of money, and both spell employment. And, who knows, a little of it may come our way. True—only a little; but in these times it is well to accept a small thing with large gratitude: it makes you think more of what you have received.

THINGS THAT ARE SILLY.

If anyone wishes to find fault legitimately they will find little trouble to do so. Let them denounce the absurd trivialities reported about our royal visitors; let them say boldly that they don't care a jot whether the Kaiser takes eights or nines in boots, or that the fact that King Alfonso, on the occasion of his visit to the Motor Show, recognised a sparking-plug at first guess, does not interest them. Fact is, they don't interest me either, but I am quite sure that nine people out of ten would go a long way to learn if one of the kings in question wears blue or pink pyjamas, or just a neat suit of the national colours, embroidered with the royal crest back and front, and finished with buttons of nothing more precious than gold.

All that is really silly, but it is the stuff of which many papers are made just now—and it sells them. I really think I must try and get King Alfonso to write me an article for this paper. He might try "The Size of My Socks," or something equally fascinating. I am presuming, of course, that even Kings wear such things. I have not been a King yet, so I do not like to be too positive—

From far away a King may come,
And we all cheer—three rousers!
And then go home and be quite dumb,
Except about—his trousers.

EVERY MAN HIS OWN KING.

Take it all in all, it seems to me that Kings are a really good institution, just as Socialism is a beautiful dream, though I doubt if the dreamers would really care much about it. There would be a painful monotony about life, for such a state of affairs would mean abandoning all ceremony, as no man would have to be honoured more than another. The only other alternative would be for every man to be a King, and that would leave no one to cheer.

At heart I am something of a Socialist of a kind, principally because I need money in handy quantities; yet, somehow, the story of the hardened Socialist and his convert always comes into my mind and spoils the beautiful idea. If I remember rightly, the story runs in this way—

Socialist: "If you had two houses, would you give me one?"
The Convert: "Sure."
Socialist: "And if you had ten cows, you'd hand over five?"
The Convert: "Sure."
The Socialist: "And if you had two pigs, you'd give me one?"
The Convert: "Hang it all! You know I've got two pigs."
Moral: It is easy to give away other people's property.

I'd give the half of mine to you,
Of money, lands, and all,
For I'm a Socialist so true,
And answer to the call.

I'd do away with rich men's gains,
Which from the poor they choke;
For I am full of noble aims—
And broke.

THE MEDDLER.

It is always pleasant to announce the arrival of a new humorous artist, for they are few and far between. Mr. Thomas Downey, who for some years has been known as the illustrator of the "Captious Critic" in the *Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News*, has undoubted claims to be ranked with the best of his kind, for his clever drawings in "The Meddler," the new book by Messrs. H. de Vere Stacpoole and W. A. Bryce, are certainly lacking nothing in aptness and execution. The book is most entertaining to anyone wishing to be cured of the "blues," and the drawings complete a whole which should not be missed. It is published by Alston Rivers.

YOUR EDITOR.

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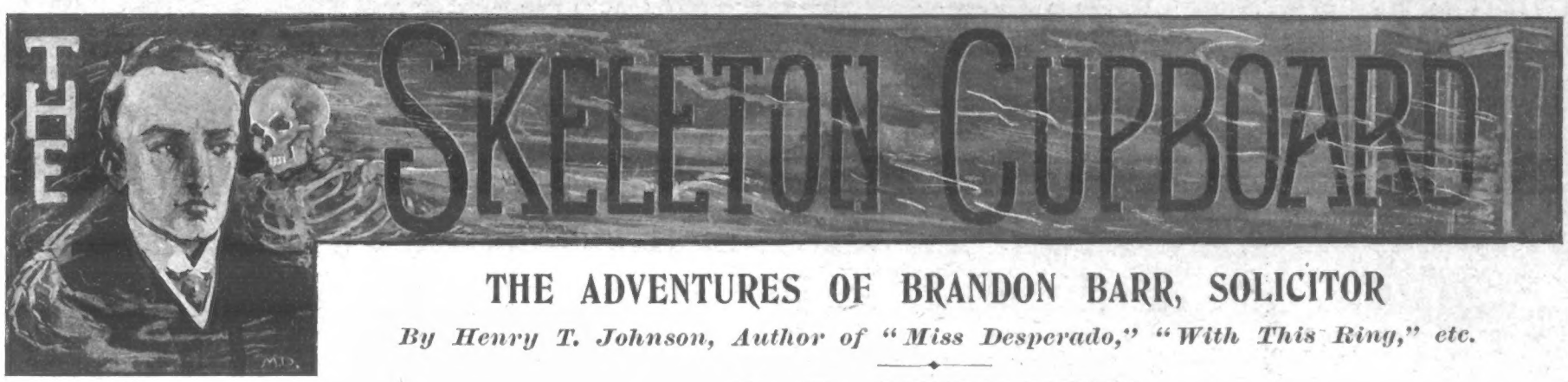
WILL THE FRIENDLY FEELING OF THE NATIONS MEAN THIS?

Kings and royalties are really getting as common in England as the unemployed and suffragettes, and it seems quite possible that the friendly feeling that brings them here will be acknowledged by the Government's making a few alterations in the uniforms of our civil and military forces.



THE ADVENTURES OF BRANDON BARR, SOLICITOR

By Henry T. Johnson, Author of "Miss Desperado," "With This Ring," etc.

No. III.—BITERS BITTEN.

ONE penalty of the legal profession is that the lawyer occasionally finds his duties and his sympathies at variance. Even as the rain falls on the just and the unjust, so the solicitor or advocate at times is pledged to advance or defend the interests of those whom personally he dislikes or scorns.

Naturally he no more allows personal antipathy to influence his conduct of his case than a merchant would permit it to affect his due performance of his bargain. Therefore, albeit Brandon Barr cordially detested Cyrus Sneed, he no more neglected the interests Sneed committed to his charge than those of the Right Reverend the Bishop of Danechester (of whom more hereafter), or of that pattern of all the virtues and graces, the Princess Floria, of whom also there is a tale to be told.

True, now and then he abruptly checked Sneed's rapacious avarice, and once, when Cyrus hinted at a course of action bordering on sharp practice, Brandon Barr so promptly told him to take himself and his papers out of 6A, Sackville Street, that that eminent inventor, scientist, and huckster promptly and lyingly declared that nothing was further from his meaning than his words.

One morning recently, while a just-drawn-up motor-car panted outside 6A, Sackville Street, his faithful, discreet and silent secretary laid on his table a slip bearing the name borne by innumerable devices all over the world. Barr, wrinkling his brows, replied—

"See what he wants. I should like to finish drawing this brief in Potiphar *v.* Potiphar."

"It 's clearly urgent—he 's terribly agitated."

"Um! Wonder who 's bowled him out. Show him in," and at the entry, a few seconds later, of a flabby, double-chinned man with restless, fishy eyes, Barr, glancing at his watch—the present of a reigning Sovereign, said, somewhat abruptly, "Sit down, Mr. Sneed"—he called Sneed "Mr" because he disliked him—"I can give you—five minutes."

Sneed frowned. Used to sycophancy, it was a novelty for him to be treated unceremoniously, and his own tone, ordinarily dictatorial, became deferential.

"Hope you 'll spare me more than five. I think you will when you know what 's happened," he said. "Mr. Barr, I have come here to consult you concerning one of the most colossal, audacious, and mysterious frauds of the twentieth century." He placed on the table a bulky pass-book, and a number of cheques that bore marks of having been passed through the bank, and a book of cheque counterfoils.

"I 'm being robbed," he said, in a whisper of awe, "robbed systematically on a gigantic scale—a scale that, unless checked, will reduce me to beggary."

"I hardly see you being *robbed*," said Barr reflectively, and with an accent on the last word that perhaps struck Sneed as the reverse of complimentary, for he replied snappishly—

"I can't help what you can't see, but I 'm being robbed, and the worst of it is, I can't help that."

He laid in front of Barr a cheque expressed to be drawn for twenty thousand pounds. "Look here," he said, and Brandon Barr, suddenly manifesting a livelier interest, inquired—

"A forgery?"

"No," said Sneed, "not exactly a forgery, though a wicked swindle. The signature 's mine; all the writing on the cheque 's mine except the amount."

Then Brandon Barr whistled. "Phew! Then they 've gone for you, too."

"What d'you mean?" asked Sneed.

"For the present, never mind," said Barr. "Tell me, for how much was that cheque drawn, and on whom?"

"For twenty pounds—in favour of the Hermetic Rivet Company of Philadelphia," said the huckster.

"How long have you dealt with them?"

"Three months or so. It was like this. Their representative, a smart young Yank, came along soliciting a trial of the rivets—said he was establishing an agency on this side. It was a splendid rivet, and the price was ridiculous. This he explained by stating that they made them in Philadelphia by the million. I gave the agency two or three orders which were punctually executed. The other day, examining my pass-book, I found my balance some twenty thousand less than I had calculated—went through my paying-in-book and cheque counterfoils with my secretary and found this draft, the counterfoil for which shows £20, had been altered to £20,000. I sent round, of course, to the office of the Hermetic Rivet, and it was found closed, with a notice pinned to it, 'Return in ten minutes,' which had been pinned to it, we found, some ten or twelve days. That 's number one swindle. Now for the other."

"A man came to me the other day with a notion for a new incandescent lamp contraption, simple but smart, and calculated to save 50 per cent. on the common or garden domestic mantle. I offered him a trifle for the crude notion."

"How much?"

"Well — er — twenty-five pounds," said Sneed, knowing it was useless in this instance to lie.

"What for? The same idea you 're selling to the Glow Syndicate for fifteen thousand?"

"Well, a thing 's worth what it 'll fetch. All it fetched out of me was a pony, and I fetched thirty 'monkeys' out of the Syndicate."

"Which you formed yourself?" said Barr drily. "One of these days, Mr. Sneed, you 'll overdo it."

"I 'll take my chance of that," said the brain-dealer sullenly. "What I came to see you about is this cheque. I 'll swear I drew it for twenty-five pounds only, according to the counterfoil. Then it is passed through for twenty-five thousand, and the scoundrel I gave it to can't be found."

"That 's very extraordinary," said Brandon Barr musingly.

"It 's damned inconvenient," said the patent huckster, mopping his brow. "Forty-five thousand pounds of hard-earned money."

"It 's a gigantic loss," said Barr, more sententiously than sentimentally, for he was thinking that, hardly as others might have earned those thousands, they had come into Sneed's greedy hands fairly easily. "What makes it peculiar," he said, "is that your case, instead of being an isolated one, is about the sixth of what seems to be the same series."

Brandon Barr noted the numbers and dates of the cheques, but so apparently casually and abstractedly that Sneed, a few minutes later, returning to his automobile, growled to his secretary and factotum: "He may be the genius they declare him, but hang me if Brandon Barr's cleverness is on the surface!"

He had scarcely left the Skeleton Cupboard when the green-baize door again noiselessly opened, and the secretary, crossing the pile carpet with silent tread, laid another slip of paper before his chief.

"Mr. Norman Montecute."

"Very well. Show him in," said Barr, wondering to what he owed the honour of a visit from his continual antagonist.

Barr was not partial to Montecute. Furthermore, he knew Montecute hated him with an intensity born of a score of defeats in and out of the Courts. More than once Barr had checkmated him in certain transactions in no way redounding to his credit. A moment later he was looking up from his desk at a hook-nosed, hectic-hued, beady-eyed person, who was saying, with a slight lisp—

But she could not strike, he stood so passive, the deep-set eyes were so steady. "I—I cannot!" she gasped. "No," he said quietly, "it is well. You cannot afford to destroy a friend."

"Bet you wonder what 's brought me here! Told you so. Bit of a thought-reader I am, see?"

"Really? Well, I was wondering whether your client, Miss Bessie Bell, was contemplating blackmailing Lord Lavish again; or your other client, Mr. Toney Foxey, had returned from Portland to his bucket-shop."

"Wrong! Fact is, Barr, I've come to consult you. Don't smile. Doctors never prescribe for themselves. I know you 're a cleverer man than I am, and I want you to advise me on a matter that 's fairly beaten me."

He took from a pocket a number of blue paper slips embossed with red seals. As a matter of fact Mr. Montecute was a money-lender first and last, his practice as a solicitor being merely supplemental to his usury.

"Barr, I 've been swindled," he said, in an awe-struck tone, as though announcing the pillage of a church. "Look at these notes!"

Barr did so, and observed that they were for various amounts, but dated within a few days of each other; moreover, that they were unsigned.

He raised his eyes expressively, and Montecute answered the half-dozen unspoken questions.

"Fellow named Branson—supposed to be a student of Harvard, touring in Europe—son of the New York banker of the name. I met him in Lord Traquhair's set; thought he was right as rain; and when he mentioned, just incidentally, that he could do with a few thousands, I was quite glad to let him have it."

"On usual terms, of course?" Barr suggested.

"Quite so," said the other, and, possibly, professionally conscious of the necessity for perfect frankness on the part of a client, he went on—

"I took him three notes of hand for two thousand five hundred each, and gave him bank-notes for three thousand, and he took another thousand in wine—really not such a very bad wine, considering—and I gave him a cheque for five hundred. And now he 's gone, the villain!—gone!" said Montecute, with feeling.

"Good job you only made out the cheque for a 'monkey,'" said Barr, casually. Montecute fairly howled.

"You don't know the worst," he shouted. "I made it out for five hundred, and he altered it to five thousand, and——"

Barr whistled, and Montecute ten minutes later bounced out of 6A, Sackville Street, convinced that his rival owed his success more to his luck than to his brains.

For some time after Norman Montecute had taken his departure, Brandon Barr sat alone intently examining, with the aid of a microscopic lens, the cheques, notes, and other documents which Sneed, Montecute, and others had placed in his hands; but for the life of him he could find no vestige of an erasure, nor was even the glossy surface of the paper damaged, save in one or two instances where the pen point had made indentations or slight abrasions

But all trace of the ink used in the original inscription was gone. But how? Barr, who had taken honours in Natural Science, and particularly in Chemistry, ransacked his brain, without success, to think of any acid, salt, or absorbent capable of such effects.

For what it might be worth, there was one noteworthy circumstance: the victims—Sneed, Montecute, Branson the leviathan bookmaker — were all precious rascals. Was that a mere coincidence, Barr wondered, or might it not possibly have been the very reason of their being victimised?

He made a note to ascertain what common acquaintance they might have, or in what particular swim all or a combination of them might have moved. Then, pigeon-holing his papers, he slammed down his roll-top desk and left the office for his chambers in Jermyn Street.

Half-an-hour later he was cantering his hack along the Row, and returning the salutations of everybody who was anybody. And at the Kensington Gardens end he reined in his horse for a chat with a Cabinet Minister, a queen of fashion, the Ambassador of one of the Great Powers.

All at once he turned in the direction of a beautiful and magnificently mounted horsewoman, whom the Ambassador saluted with something of a puzzled air, and simultaneously the queen of fashion exclaimed, involuntarily—

"Why, there she is again. Now I think I am getting near it."

Then the lady inquired, as if in answer to Barr's amused expression—

"What, don't you know her? You, of all men in the world."

"I have not the pleasure," said Barr. "Evidently his Excellency is more fortunate."

But the Ambassador, with some hesitation, replied—

"Upon my word, I hardly know. The lady is a beautiful mystery."

"Why that," said the lady, "is La Leoni, as they call her."

"What! the new prima donna who has conquered all the capitals of Europe, and is going to take London by storm?"

"The identical lady," said the Ambassador, "and yet, seeing her off the stage, I am haunted by a vague memory that will not quite take shape, of having met her somewhere else, off the stage."

"She is returning," said the Duchess of Bayminster. "Let me introduce you and refresh your memory," and she turned to the beautiful stranger, who had just reined round her horse, with a gracious smile of recognition, which brought the latter to her side. And this was the beginning of the acquaintance of the great singer and the great solicitor.

Those best acquainted with Brandon Barr knew that the one note to touch those well-springs of emotion in his nature, the existence of which most brought into contact with him doubted, was music. He was accordingly more than ordinarily interested in Signorina Giulia Leoni, the beautiful singer with the wealth of yellow hair in strange contrast with her black-lashed dark eyes and black pencilled eyebrows. And on the following night, when she made her début to the English world, Brandon Barr was present in a box on the first tier.

Also he was among those privileged to felicitate in the foyer in person La Leoni upon the magnificent triumph she so signally achieved.

It was then that, bending low over a hand as lovely as Duse's own, Brandon Barr noticed that its alabaster whiteness was stained, just below the little finger, with a mark like a splash of tar. He was, however, so charmed with her rendering of Marguerite that he had no thought for the trifling blemish that was otherwise perfect.

Amina, Dinorah, Juliet, Aïda, in each and all of her triumphs Brandon Barr heard the young diva whom to know was to adore.

In a few weeks all London was discussing La Leoni's voice—and her jewels, for the latter were as precious as the former.

Naturally, stories innumerable were in circulation regarding the new prima-donna.

One averred that she was really American by birth, having migrated to Naples in her childhood. Another hinted at a family connection with an extreme section of Anarchists. According to some, she had sold oranges in the streets of Naples, according to others she was as clever as beautiful, and a scientist of no mean attainments. To Brandon Barr she was merely the most wonderful singer and adorable woman in the world, and Society began to chuckle that to the wonderful eyes of La Leoni even the marble heart of Brandon Barr was vulnerable.

For some days Brandon Barr pursued inquiries with a view to ascertaining the existence of any common acquaintance of the ring of victims of the mysterious frauds. There were abundant instances of the same "client" having dealings with Montecute and Branson—as a rule, the bookmaker's office is a short cut to the usurer's—but none of them could be connected with the fraud, and he failed to discover among these any who had had dealings also with Mr. Sneed.

To add to the mystery, news reached Barr from time to time of similar instances. In one case the executors of a wealthy testator, in his time a harsh, unflinching monopolist, proceeding to prove his will, found it to all appearance unsigned and unattested, although two witnesses were produced who swore they had seen it signed, and had subscribed their names as witnesses. A defendant in a County Court action, relying on a receipt for money paid, triumphantly handed it up to the Judge, who pointed out to the bewildered defendant that his alleged receipt was unsigned.

Brandon Barr made assiduous inquiries concerning the plaintiff in that action—his haunts and his associates—but found, however, nothing to support the theory he could stake his life on but could not prove.

A few days later Sneed called again in a yet more acute state of agitation.

"I shall be ruined!" he exclaimed. "A first of exchange I dispatched to New York has been altered from one to ten thousand dollars, and my bankers have honoured it. The original recipient of the draft appeared to be a perfectly innocent agent, it having passed through several hands before presentation."

"Now, Mr. Sneed," said Barr, facing his client squarely, "I want you to tell me, as the boys say, 'honest Injun',' have you, in the course of your innumerable transactions, had any with an individual of exceptional attainments, in chemistry in particular, to whom such transactions have been remarkably unsatisfactory?"

Sneed rubbed one of his chins. "My business," he said, "of course brings me into touch with all sorts of people."

"And you are, of course, yourself a chemist of no mean reputation," said Barr. "For instance, there is the world-wide invention that has brought you so immense a fortune, the Tyrean Purple Dye."

The multi-millionaire scientist beamed through his gold pince-nez, then said—

"Oh, by-the-by, I may as well be frank."

"Otherwise I beg you will not honour me by consulting me," said Barr.

"There was a wretched fellow," Sneed stammered, "who made all sorts of accusations against me in respect of the Tyrean Dye."

"Ah!"

"One of those nuisances with grievances, you know. He had the impudence to declare that the discovery was his own."

"Really? What happened?"

"Well, you know, I was most generous. I even offered him a couple of hundred to soothe any imaginary injury my discovery might have caused him."

"Two hundred pounds," Barr mechanically repeated, reflecting that the beautiful and permanent purple tints and shades had brought the patentee hundreds of thousands. "And he wasn't satisfied?"

"Er—no. That sort of man never is satisfied. As a matter of fact he died."

"So you saved your two hundred."

"Yes. He hadn't a shred of evidence—I mean to say," Sneed corrected himself. "He hadn't a leg to stand on."

"Did those he left admit as much?"

"No, on the contrary, his gipsy-like little spitfire of a daughter screamed at me that my treachery had killed her father, and she could never rest until she had avenged what she called my cold-blooded murder of him."

"Who was the man?"

"Lamberto was his name, if I remember rightly."

"What? The suicide?"

"Er—yes, that's the man."

And Brandon Barr comprehended in a flash that the theory as to Lamberto's studies having turned his brain was a fallacy—that Sneed had stolen his priceless discovery and driven him mad.

And when Sneed had left the Skeleton Cupboard that afternoon Brandon Barr sat down to a good hard think. Then he drove to the Italian Embassy and made certain searches.

* * * * *

"Signorina," he said that afternoon, sitting in La Leoni's boudoir, discussing her last night's triumphs, "how proud your friends must be!"

"Has one any—but you, *amico?*" she smiled, raising the beautiful black eyebrows.

"Your family—your father?"

"My father is dead," she said, almost brusquely, and the black eyes were troubled.

"You were a child when you lost him?"

"I was never a child, *amico mio*," she answered. "Grief, want, and despair killed all that was of childhood in me."

"Yes, yes, I know; and drove you into ways and grooves where you had no more right to be than an angel in the shades of——"

The black eyebrows raised themselves interrogatively.

"The sense of a deep wrong drove you to a desperate revenge," said Barr. "Like many others, because one scoundrel had wronged not you, but one dearer to you than life, had driven him to that crowning act of desperation."

"*Amico*, you know all. Yet, no—not *amico*. What they said was true, you were a sleuth-hound. Your love for my art was but a pretence."

"I swear my love for your art is as true as your matchless voice."

"And all this while you have been worming out my secret. *Scélérat!*" She snatched from the massive golden mountain of tresses the silver stiletto that secured them, raised it aloft—sprang towards him.

But could not strike, he stood so passive, the deep-set eyes were so steady. "I—I cannot," she gasped.

"No," he said quietly. "It is well. You cannot afford to destroy a friend."

"A friend?" Nothing of hers was ever more dramatic than the scorn of her exclamation.

"Yes," he said simply. Then in low, tense accents he went on reminding her of her priceless gifts—of the folly of sacrificing her glorious career on the altar of a personal revenge.

"Your vengeance, what can it do? Harass a few of the world's innumerable rogues, whereas your glorious voice can raise and purify humanity in thousands," and at last she was weeping at his knees, asking him piteously, "What can I do? What shall I do?"

"Sever once for all your association with that wild, desperate band, 'The Despoilers,' whose ranks embrace not only fanatics whose guiding maxim is, '*Capitaliste — voilà l'ennemi!*' but rogues who, base, mean, and sordid as any plutocrat, prey upon their fanatic comrades, and make of them the blind instruments of their greed. Destroy the formulæ taught you by your wronged and unhappy father, and cease to supply the two wondrous compounds of acids—one for the manufacture of ink that will fade, the other the solution that will eat away any ink-fluid known to manufacturers without marring the surface of any paper, parchment, or other substance. Break away from them, and I promise you I will defend and guard you from any consequences of your recession from their ranks. I can and I will."

He spoke with a confident consciousness of power, carrying conviction on that point. But there was another.

"What of *Messieurs les ennemis?*" she asked, almost with a smile.

"I will arrange with them an amnesty," he said. "You need not doubt my power. I know too many of their secrets and of their misdeeds not to be able to control them. I hold them in the hollow of my hand."

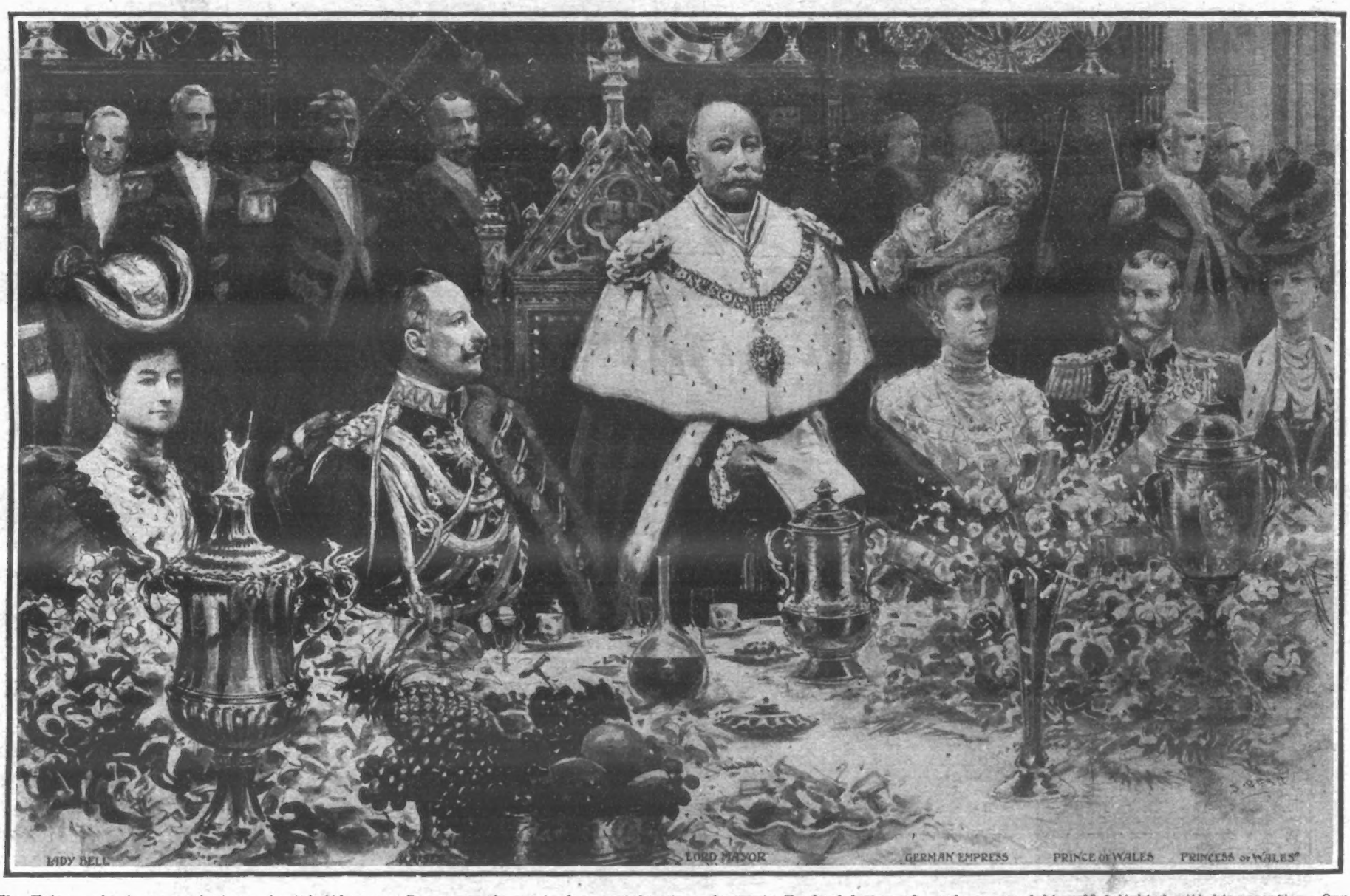
"It is a bargain," she said, extending the hand whose fairness was marred with one stain, that he had by this time accounted for.

He kept his word.

Sneed, Branson, Montecute, and the others, knowing what he knew of their own frauds in other matters, and filled with a dread of future losses, more potent ever than their mortification at those already incurred, were only too glad to "cut their losses" on his assurance that they need apprehend no others in the future.

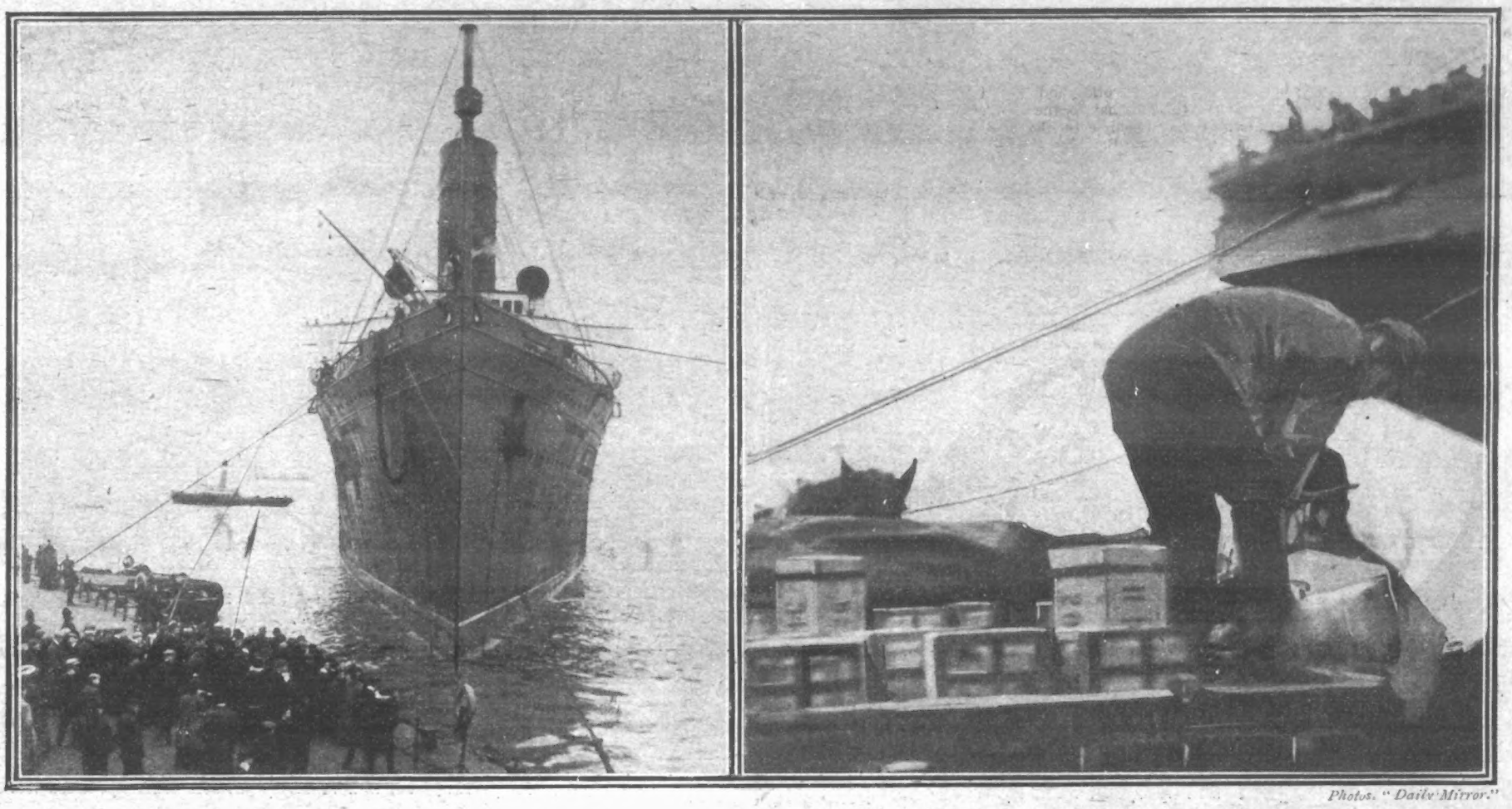
That was La Leoni's last season in England, but the general public no more guessed the reason of her decision never more to sing in what she termed this voice-desolating climate than did Messrs. Sneed, Montecute, and Branson. It was the last, too, of the Despoilers' operations, for La Leoni has handed to Brandon Barr, with the last phial of the marvellous absorbent of all acid and other stains, the formula for its manufacture, prepared by the brilliant, unhappy father driven to a despairing death by a successful rogue.

THE CITY'S HONOUR TO THE KAISER: THE STATE BANQUET AT THE GUILDHALL.



The Kaiser, who is now enjoying a short holiday near Bournemouth, received a most hearty welcome to England last week, and expressed himself delighted with his reception. Our Drawing shows the Lord Mayor proposing the health of the royal visitors, to which the Kaiser replied that his endeavour would always be to maintain the peaceful relations between England and Germany.

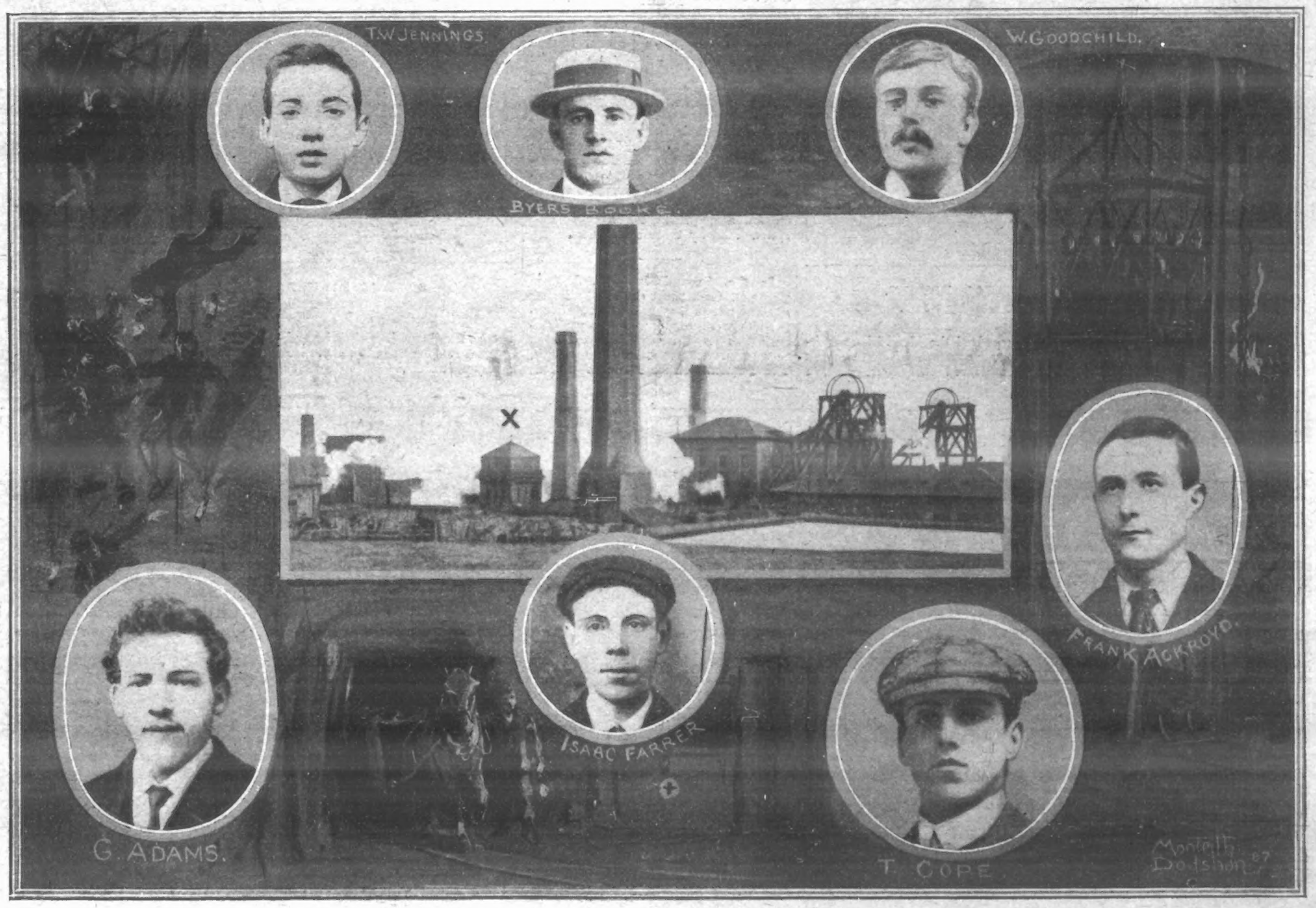
MILLIONS AFLOAT: THE "MAURETANIA'S" CARGO OF GOLD.



Photos. "Daily Mirror."

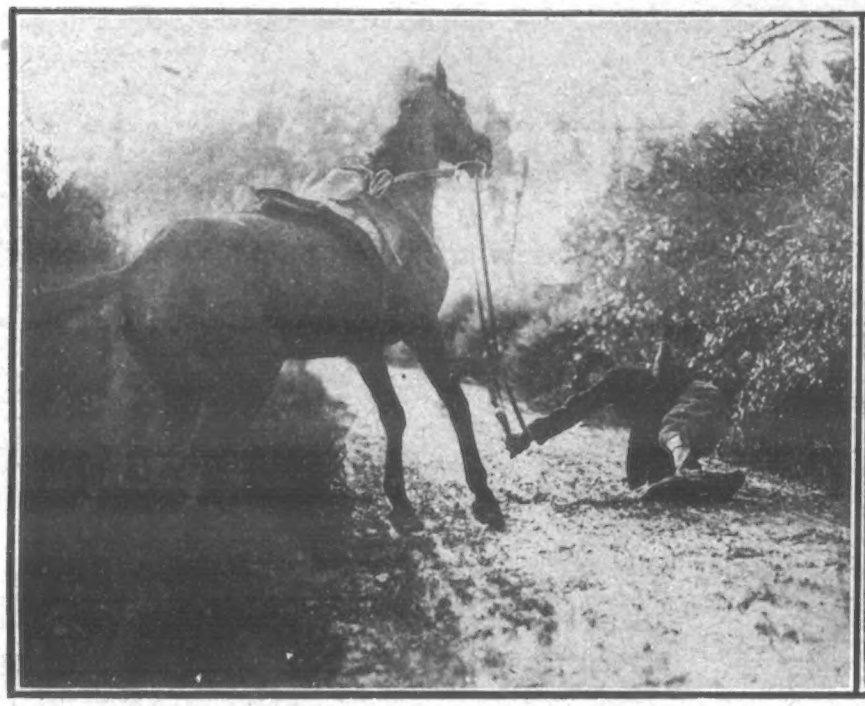
The "Mauretania" started on Saturday night on her maiden voyage across the Atlantic. Though she is actually larger than the "Lusitania," the essential difference lies in her increased engine-power, which enabled her to average a speed of over twenty-seven knots an hour during her trial trip. The vessel carries nearly £3,000,000 in bullion to relieve the financial situation in America. Our photographs show the "Mauretania" preparing to start, and bullion being taken aboard.

TERRIBLE PIT DISASTER: SEVEN MINERS HURLED TO DEATH.



Last week a cage at the Barrow Colliery, near Barnsley, became tilted in the shaft, and shot out seven of the seventeen occupants, the men falling a distance of two hundred feet, and being instantly killed. Almost all the miners in the cage were more or less seriously injured. Above are the seven colliers who were killed. In the centre is a general view of the colliery, the summit of the pit shaft being marked with a cross.

HUMOURS OF HUNTING: FROM THE SPECTATOR'S POINT OF VIEW.



THE WEXFORD FOXHOUNDS' MEET AT TINTERN: THE HUNTSMAN HAS A SPILL OVER A HEDGE.

THE MEET AT MALLOW: JUVENILE FOLLOWERS ON DONKEYS.

THE WORLD OF PASTIME.

FOOTBALL.

ONE club stands alone in First League football. Manchester United have gone so strong since the first week of the season that it is scarcely too much to say that they will ultimately be hailed winners of the championship. Of course, football is a singularly fluctuating game when teams are even fairly well balanced; but Manchester United are no ordinary side, and as they hold a lead of five points over their immediate attendants, Sheffield Wednesday, they will have to experience a series of set-backs if they are to relinquish the headship.

The record of the United is remarkable. In the course of thirteen matches they have scored forty-four goals, a powerful tribute to the shooting ability of their forwards. When one recalls the struggle that Manchester United had to reach the First Division the merit of their performance this season is the more convincing.

Woolwich Arsenal managed to improve their position in the table at the expense of Nottingham Forest; but the "Gunners" have nothing to boast about, for they played far from well, and they really owe their immunity from defeat to the splendid goalkeeping of Ashcroft. The latter was absolutely great, and if an International team had to be selected to-day, he would be a strong candidate for the position of goalkeeper. The Arsenal forwards were disappointing, Mordue, perhaps, being the best of them.

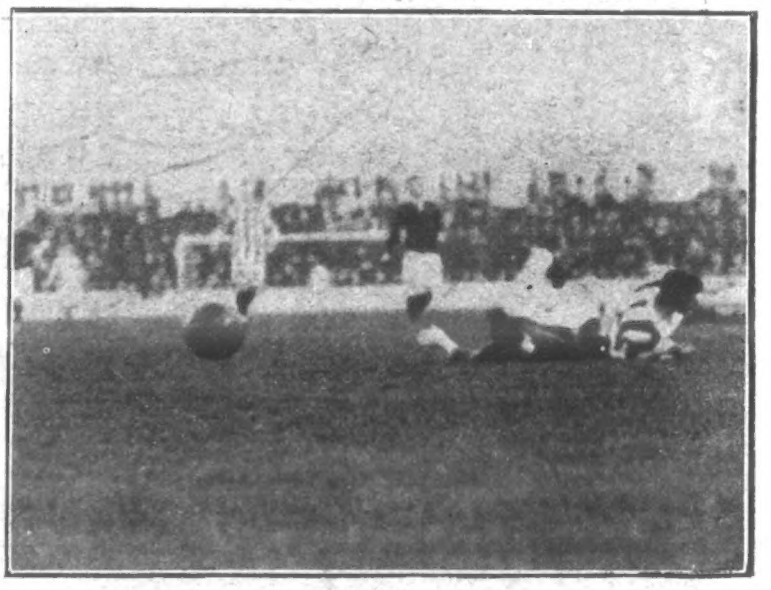
Chelsea went under to Sheffield Wednesday by two goals to one, though they were on an equality up till five minutes from the end, a sensational finish giving the Wednesday two goals and two points. Birmingham had Bolton Wanderers for opponents, and beat them by two to one. Bristol City conquered Sheffield United, Newcastle United just got home from Bury, Everton vanquished Blackburn Rovers, Manchester City drew with Liverpool at one goal each, while Preston North End created a good impression by beating Aston Villa by three clear goals.

In the Second Division, Fulham swamped Gainsborough Trinity by six goals to nil, and, granting that their opponents were easy prey, the performance was good enough to encourage their supporters as well as their players. The Fulham defence shone as well as the attack, but it is said that Harry Ross is disappointed at not being included. Oldham Athletic are still at the head of the table, their defence being particularly strong. Though Hull City are second, both Bradford City and West Bromwich Albion are relatively better placed. Blackpool are now the "wooden spoonists," but their luck is out, as they have six of their best players injured, and the team is now reduced to a very poor class.

Leyton, by their rather lucky victory over West Ham United at Upton Park, were the only visiting team to prove successful in the Southern League; but two drawn games were recorded. Bradford Park Avenue shared points with the Crystal Palace, and thus drew their sixth successive game. The others to divide points were Southampton and Watford.

Plymouth Argyle, by their win of three clear goals over Reading, made their position at the head of the competition

QUEEN'S PARK RANGERS v. BRISTOL ROVERS.
Some good head play. The Rangers won by 5 to 3.



QUEEN'S PARK RANGERS v. BRISTOL ROVERS.
An unfortunate spill near goal.

A LINE OUT, JUMPING FOR THE BALL.

KENT FOLLOWING UP A KICK.

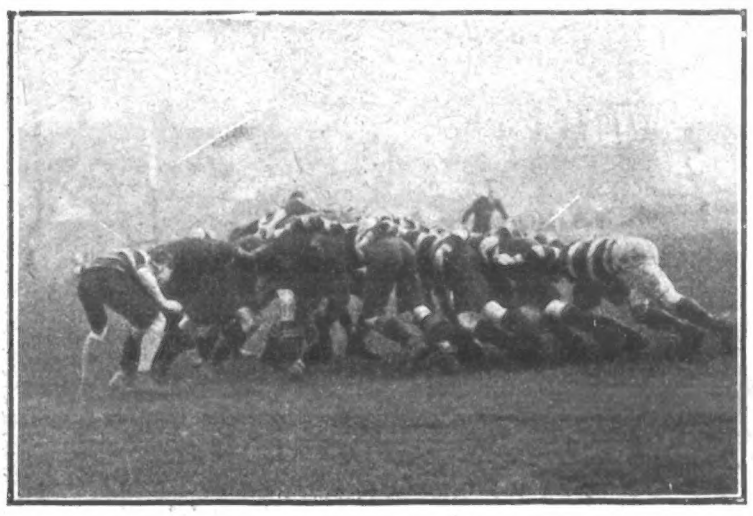
RUGBY FOOTBALL: SURREY v. KENT AT RICHMOND.

SNAPSHOTS OF SEASONABLE SPORTS.

HOCKEY: HOSPITALS v. OXFORD.
Oxford score their first goal.

FOOTBALL IN A FOG.
Woolwich Arsenal beat Notts Forest by 3 to 1.

THE WINNER OF THE DERBY CUP.
Mr W. Bass's Stickup (Wal Griggs up) wins easily.



RUGBY: RICHMOND v. OXFORD UNIVERSITY.
A tight scrum.

still more secure, although Queen's Park Rangers, their nearest rivals, are making a determined fight, as their decided victory of five goals to three over Bristol Rovers—who are third on the table—showed. The 'Spurs only got the better of Brentford by one goal to nil, though they had much the better of the play. Still, the losing club, after the first thirty-five minutes, lost the services, through injury, of Bowman, their centre forward, and this made all the difference to them. Swindon were visited by Millwall who, although without Stevenson, gave the "Railwaymen" a good game, and only lost by a couple of goals. Northampton seem to have quite lost the fine form they displayed in the early part of the season, and Norwich City defeated them on their own ground by one to nil. Brighton and Hove had an easy task with New Brompton, whom they beat by three to nil; while Portsmouth received yet another set-back, Luton adding to their "cup of sorrow."

In Rugby circles the principal matches were decided in the North of England. Yorkshire and Lancashire met at Castleford, and though since the advent of the Northern Union the "Loyalists" have not been able to command such teams as previously, both can still put a fairly good side into the field. The game under notice was strenuously fought, and the result was a victory for Yorkshire by 6 points to nil. Cheshire entertained Cumberland, but the latter county proved the superior side, though only by 5 points to nil.

In Rugby club matches Blackheath gave a welcome indication of a return to form, and their victory over Northampton by 20 points to nil was thoroughly deserved. London Scottish defeated Old Merchant Taylors, Oxford University got the better of Richmond, and Cambridge University were too good for Lennox. Of the other clubs of importance, the Harlequins defeated Rosslyn Park somewhat easily.

BILLIARDS.

Yet another shape of table has been introduced, during the past few days. This is called the "octangular," and is introduced by Messrs. Thurston. It is constructed with eight straight cushions pitched at two different angles, the side ones being longer than the others. Apparently the angles are not so complicated as many of the other new tables, but it is doubtful whether any of the recent "creations" will deprive the old type of table of its popularity.

HOCKEY

Quite the outstanding feature of this season's hockey is the wonderful form of the Cambridge University team, who, under the captaincy of L. M. Robinson, are doing wonderful things. On Saturday last they defeated Southgate, who have not met with a reverse since Staines lowered their colours the season before last. Cambridge won handsomely, too, the margin being 7 to nil, and altogether the Light Blues have scored 56 goals to 7 this season.

CRICKET.

Frank Tarrant, who did so well for Middlesex during the past summer, was included in the Victoria side which piled up so many runs against the M.C.C. team a few days ago. He performed magnificently with the bat, and now there is a controversy as to whether he shall be allowed to play in inter-State games, and in the "test" matches against A. O. Jones's team. It will be interesting to see which way the decision will go.

ATHLETICS AND CYCLING.

A crisis has arisen in the hitherto cordial relations which have existed between the Amateur Athletic Association and the National Cyclists Union, which, for the sake of sport, should be speedily bridged over. It has long been a matter of regret that the N.C.U. should consent to professional foot-races being decided at their meetings. Even granting that it is only in remote instances that the practice prevails, it must be conceded that the A.A.A. would be false to their principles if they allowed the matter to pass by without notice.

The A.A.A. have been told that, like the baby in a celebrated novel of Lytton's, it is only a little one. That, however, is beside the question, for there is a working agreement between the A.A.A. and the N.C.U. to recognise each other's laws. Now the body which controls amateur running does not recognise the professional in any shape, hence the deadlock. A meeting of the A.A.A. was held at the Manchester Hotel on Saturday last, and it was finally agreed to appoint seven delegates to confer with the N.C.U. with a view to a settlement.

From their headquarters at South Croydon the Surrey Walking Club decided an eight-miles handicap, the winner being A. C. Mariette, whose start was 8 min. 30 sec. C. M. Simpson, the second man, had a start of 4 min.; and the third position was filled by F. S. Dickson, who had 5 min. start. It was a very interesting race, and was another proof of the growing interest in walking.

A Simple Fact About Keating's Cough Lozenges.—Ask throughout the world, in any country that can be named, you will find them largely sold. There is absolutely no remedy that is so speedy in giving relief, so certain to cure, and yet the most delicate can take them. One Lozenge gives ease. Sold in 1½d. tins.—[Advt.]

HOCKEY: HOSPITALS v. OXFORD.
Hospitals rob Oxford of the ball.

LADIES' HOCKEY AT SURBITON.
Surbiton beat Ewell by 6 goals to 3.

SURBITON v. EWELL.
Surbiton pressing round Ewell's goal.

RICHMOND v OXFORD UNIVERSITY.
Oxford won by 23 points to nil

The Cambridge University Hare and Hounds had a friendly match with the Town and County Club, whose headquarters are located in the locality of the students. The race was over the Gog-Magog course of seven miles, and the "Blues" won by 23 points to 32. The first man home was L. D. Drysdale, who covered the course in 39 min. 48 sec—a very good performance indeed.

Oxford University Hare and Hounds had a match with Thames Hare and Hounds, R. V. Hodson, Wadham, being first man home. His time was 44 min. 21 sec., not a bad performance over a trying seven miles' course. The only other fixture of importance last week was the Ranelagh Harriers' race for the Thomas Challenge Cup, which was won by F. L. Whittingback, with a start of 4 min. 5 sec.

Cross-country running will not take any tangible shape until Christmas has passed, though in the meantime the various clubs who follow the "paper" will be busily engaged in whipping their men into shape, and, with the championships coming along, doubtless many experiments will be resorted to

THE PEEP-SHOW

By THE SHOWMAN.

The Poverty of Monarchs.

THE King, who is not by any means a rich man, as monarchs go, will probably feel considerable financial embarrassment for some time, owing to the recent unprecedented number of royal visitors whom he has entertained. Some of the expense is borne, of course, by the State, but a very great deal comes out of his private purse. King Edward's Civil List income amounts to about £470,000 a year. The Kaiser, who does not have nearly so many guests to entertain, has about £600,000; whilst poor King Alfonso has but a trifle over £300,000.

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Censoring a Wedding.

The Orleans-Bourbon wedding is probably the strangest royal wedding the world has ever known. It took place in a specially-built chapel in a private garden. It drew the largest gathering of royalties ever seen in Worcestershire; and it is also unique for the fact that it had a Press Censor, in the person of the Count of Gramont, who issued more than a hundred Press invitations, and censored all details of the preparations before they appeared in print.

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The Death of a Song.

Alas, poor "Killarney." It has died hard, but at last its knell is being tolled. A hard-hearted music-hall proprietor, who owns some dozen theatres throughout the country, has issued a notice to all the artistes under his control: "Do not play 'Killarney.' The audience is sick of it." For this relief much thanks, but why stop at "Killarney"? Why not extend the scope of the ban so as to include "The Lost Chord," "The Bay of Biscay," "The Star of Bethlehem," and a score of other equally deserving tunes, which are suffering from overwork, which might well be given a rest? Other managers, please note.

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The Cost of a Convert.

The good work which is done by our Missionary Societies throughout the world is patent enough to everybody, but how few people ever realise what a very costly business it is. The principal Protestant Societies of the United States, Canada, Great Britain, and Continental Europe maintain an army of 12,789 male and female missionaries, with an auxiliary force of 70,735 native labourers, making a grand total of nearly one hundred thousand rank and file.

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Last year these hundred thousand Christian soldiers claim to have made 133,069 new converts—very little more than one convert apiece in twelve months! The total income of these societies for the past twelve months is nearly £4,000,000, so that the new converts to Christianity appear to be costing their civilised brothers nearly £30 a head.

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Besides the cost of maintaining the missions, there is another heavy expense put upon proselytising Christians. It is not enough to convert your heathen. Having converted him you must give him scriptures to read in his own tongue. The British and Foreign Bible Society spend more than £200,000 in this way every year. They suit the prices of Bibles to the means of the people who are expected to buy them. Thus, on the Upper Congo the missionaries have decided that a New Testament which is now passing through the Press shall be sold at "fifty brass rods per copy"—brass rods being the current coin of the country.

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A Musical M.P.

Until he sang at a charity concert a week or two ago few people knew that our great social reformer, Dr. Macnamara, had been an ardent amateur vocalist and conductor all his life. At the National Liberal Club the other night he told me all about his early days. At Exeter he was a choir-boy for many years, at Huddersfield he taught a musical class, whilst at Bristol he joined the Musical Festival Choir, and used to sing in the chorus. It was here that he met his wife, who was also one of the choristers.

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Even to-day he sings for twenty minutes every morning before breakfast to his youngest son, who takes after "Daddy" in having a musical ear, and who, although only two and a-half years old, knows all the tunes in his father's répertoire, and has evinced a decided partiality for the old German drinking-song, "In Cellar Cool."

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Shaw as a "Shover."

Mr. Bernard Shaw, once the bitter enemy of all motorists, has at last himself fallen a victim to the fashionable craze for speed, and he is taking lessons in motor-repairing and driving at a school at Shepherd's Bush during hurried intervals between rehearsals at the Savoy Theatre. I had a chat with the secretary of the school the other day, and learnt that our great playwright, Socialist, and wit is the smartest pupil at picking up the theoretical part of the business they have ever had; but he is dreadfully slow at learning to drive, and his excursions on the school's private track have given the staff some anxious moments. If you want to make "G. B. S." savage, ask him how he changes his gear.

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The Life Strenuous.

The recent railway smashes at Hampstead and further North have drawn attention to the engine-driver's strenuous life. But how about the motor-'bus driver, with his cumbersome, unwieldy vehicle gliding in and out of the stream of traffic on a muddy day?

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Let us first glance at the trials of the railway man, which are very ably described in the November *Fortnightly Review* by Mr. Keighley Snowden. He shows that the principal anxieties of an express-driver have to do with "keeping time." His employment at, say, 45s. a week depends upon his doing so. He is there in the cab of an express engine, just, in fact, because he knows better than other men how to get the best results from a splendid piece of machinery. Allowances are made for the imperfections of an engine, but they cannot be made for the fact that 45s. a week is more to some men than to others. A man with a large family of youngsters and the doctor in, may fear a fine more than one who has no children and a thrifty and robust wife.

***

"Good running," with its never-ceasing adjustments to the work immediately ahead, is a highly-skilled performance, and as much depends upon it for the engine-driver and others, good running should be occupation enough for one man's mind. But this is not the whole of engine-driving. To watch the signals is the driver's paramount duty. He should let nothing else divert his mind from it. But in the nature of things his duty is not single; it is divided. From the duty of keeping time, it is evident, nothing can divert his mind. This only does not occupy the whole of his mind. How much of his mind is left for the duty that is paramount, and what is the normal state of his mind in regard to it?

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The Man at the Wheel.

So much for the engine-driver. How about the motor-'bus driver, who is much more exposed to the weather than the railway man in his "cab." His vehicle does not run on rails, he has no signals beyond the outstretched hand of a policeman at cross-roads to warn him of his dangers. He has, on wet days, the additional and very acute danger of side-slipping, whilst his engine, with its complicated arrangement of brakes and gears, requires uninterrupted attention. "Keeping time?" is of as much importance to him as to his brother on the railway, and he works far longer hours. If he is held up by a block in the traffic, he suffers for it by losing his dinner, his tea, or his ten-minute smoke at the end of a strenuous twenty-mile run through crowded streets. Many late journeys mean fines or dismissal.

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During the busy hours of the day in the City the motor-man's whole journey is one frantic endeavour to make up time. Think what he has to dodge, with the welfare of thirty or more passengers in his keeping! Spotting passengers on the pavement who want to get up, stopping suddenly on greasy wood-pavement for passengers who want to get down. He dodges a bicycle on the left, avoids a couple of school-children who rush out on the right, and applies the brakes just in time to avoid colliding with a hansom-cab, which, hailed from a rank, dashes broadside-on across the path, caring for nothing so long as it secures its fare. And all this time the engine, and the brakes, and the gears have to be kept constantly changing and on the move.

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The motor-'buses have not yet been long enough on the road to enable us to obtain any statistics of the percentage of cases of mental break-down or nervous prostration on the part of drivers, but I feel confident that they must be very large.

AGED TENANTS EVICTED AFTER THIRTY-TWO YEARS.

Our photograph is of a scene in East Mersea, Essex, where the parish clerk and his wife, after a tenancy of thirty-two years, were evicted by the county police as the result of disregarding the notices of the new owner of the cottage and a magisterial ejectment order. The old couple believed that so long as they paid their rent they would not be disturbed. Owing to lack of accommodation in this neighbourhood—for Londoners have possession of a number of the best cottages, which they occupy only in the holiday season—it took the old couple several days to obtain a cottage and during that time the furniture lay by the roadside.

Photos. Topical.

VICTIMS OF THE SLOUGH JEALOUSY TRAGEDY.

Jealousy and a lovers quarrel had a terrible sequel last week at Slough, when Charles Ernest Squires, an electrical engineer on the Metropolitan Railway, shot Miss Hilda Cooke dead, and afterwards committed suicide. Miss Cooke was engaged as a clerk in a London office, and returned home to Slough every evening. On Monday week she reached Slough about 7.30, and found Squires waiting for her outside the station. He asked to be allowed to walk home with her, and she refused. Later in the evening, about ten o'clock, with her sister Winifred, she went into the scullery to wash a pair of woollen gloves. While Hilda was bending over the sink the sound of a pistol-shot was heard, and her sister saw her fall forward. With a loud shriek she called her mother, and together they rushed out for assistance. As they reached the back door they heard another pistol-shot, and outside they found the body of Squires lying near the window.

Photo. Illus. Bureau.

THE SENSATIONAL GRENADIER GUARDS INQUIRY.

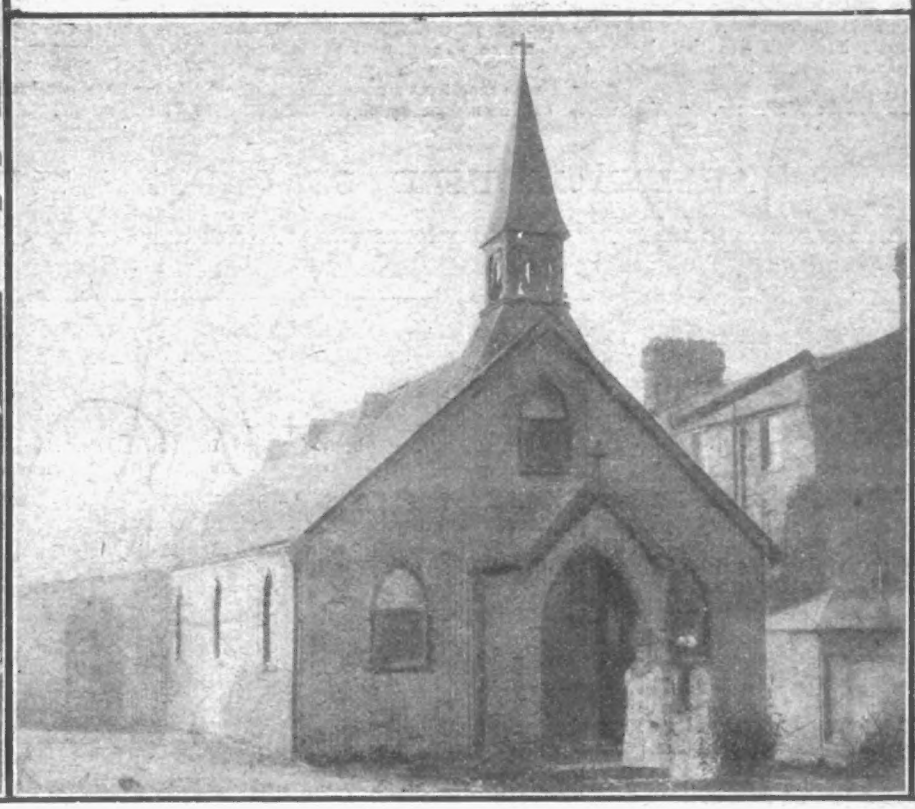
The general military court of inquiry called at the request of Lieutenant H. C. Woods, of the 2nd Battalion Grenadier Guards, in order to investigate his complaint that he was boycotted by brother-officers because of his studious habits, and eventually asked to resign the service, in which he had served with some distinction for seven years, was opened on Monday at Chelsea Barracks. Our photograph, taken in a bad light, is a general view of the court. The members of the committee are Major-General W. E. Franklyn, Brigadier-General T. D'O. Snow, Major-General Sir Francis Howard, Major-General A. E. Codrington, and Colonel G. G. A. Egerton.

THE BOURBON-ORLEANS WEDDING AT WOOD NORTON.

A CONCOURSE OF ROYALTY AT THE CEREMONY.

THE BRIDE AND HER BROTHER.

The Duke of Orleans taking his sister up the aisle.



WHERE THE WEDDING REALLY TOOK PLACE.

It was at this unpretentious iron chapel at Evesham that the Prince and his bride were actually made man and wife at half past eight in the morning. No uniforms were worn.

THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM.

Prince Charles and his bride leaving the church after the imposing ceremony.

A UNIQUE PHOTOGRAPH OF THE WEDDING CEREMONY IN THE SPECIALLY ERECTED CHURCH AT WOOD NORTON

The glories of the old French Court were recalled from the past and revivified at Wood Norton last Saturday for the marriage of Prince Charles of Bourbon and Princess Louise of Orleans. Among the host of guests at Wood Norton were Bourbons of Spain, headed by King Alfonso, the only remaining ruler of the House that once reigned in three European countries; Bourbons of France, and Bourbons of Sicily. They were there to witness the nuptials of the youngest daughter of one branch of the House and the Prince of another, and an English sun shone on the happy bride and bridegroom and lit up the wonders of the setting for the marriage scene—the blue and gold and myriad flowers. At eleven o'clock on Saturday morning a special train from London brought to Evesham Princess Henry of Battenberg, many diplomatists, and some 200 of the general company. All the principal guests, except Princess Henry, had assembled at Wood Norton on the previous day. King Alfonso, in military uniform, was on the platform to greet the Princess, and their departure by motor-car was the signal for a procession of fifty or sixty guest-laden cars to dash off along the road to Wood Norton. The townsfolk had taken a general holiday, and to make sure that no guest missed a welcome they cheered every motor-car that passed. In fact, a party of waiters, summoned from London at the last moment and hastening by motor-car to Wood Norton, came in in the general exuberance for a rousing reception. Of the 260 guests forty were of the blood royal.

HUMOUR OF THE WEEK.

Press Freedom.

"WELL," said the editor of the provincial paper, "of course, the freedom of the Press is a great privilege for the people; but it has some rather startling aspects sometimes."

"No doubt," said the listener encouragingly.

"It has, indeed!" said the editor. "Only this morning, for instance, I happened to be in the publishing office, the publisher having gone out to do a paper-hanging job to help eke out the salary I owe him, when a tramp came in. He was a picturesque-looking rascal, with a gleam of impudent fun in his eye.

"'Ullo, guv'nor!' he said. 'Is this the *Free Press* office?'

"'It is, my man,' said I. 'What can we do for you?'

"'Well, I want you to press creases into my trousis. They're gone out of shape. Got a room where I can wait?'" —*Pearson's Weekly.*

Dissipated.

Mr. Foolish: "Why are sheep the most dissipated animals?"

Mr. Silly: "Because they gambol all their lives, spend most of their time on the turf, many of them are black-legs, and all are fleeced in the end."—*Tit-Bits.*

"Ladies Fust!"

A couple of miners were returning from a lecture at the village institute when one of them, after a thoughtful pause, remarked—

"Say, Bill! I don't see the necessity o' bringing chaps frae London to teach us about 'manners in the 'ome.' We ain't so bad as that feller made out."

"O' course we ain't," returned Bill.

"Not by a long way," went on the first. "I never swears before my wife——"

"No more don't I," put in Bill. "I allus sez, 'Ladies fust!' That's me."—*Cassell's Saturday Journal.*

Too Good to Throw Away.

At Preston, where everything is up-to-date and the people are always planning some new scheme, a shocking thing happened. One of the popular Society women announced a "White Elephant Party." Every guest was to bring something that she could not find any use for, and yet too good to throw away. The party would have been a great success but for the unlooked-for development which broke it up. Eleven of the nineteen women brought their husbands.—*Tit-Bits.*

Rebuked.

Robbie was in the habit of running errands for an old gentleman next door, who never paid him except in effusive thanks. He had just returned from the third errand one morning, and the old gentleman, patting him on the head, said—

"Robbie, I am very much obliged to you. You're a fine little fellow. Thank you, my boy, thank you."

Robbie looked up in his face wistfully, and apologetically replied—

"Mr. Jones, you don't know how I wish I could thank you for something."—*Chums.*

A Soft Head

He was a dandy of the first water, and he had about as much intelligence as the average water-melon.

"Ya-as," he said, "my hands are soft." And he glanced pensively down upon them. "Do you know how I keep them so, Miss Sweetman? Well, I always sleep with my gloves on."

A little red gleam came into her limpid eyes.

"And do you sleep with your hat on also, Mr. Green?" she queried.

He replied solemnly that he did not, and to this day he knows not why everybody laughed.

Trouble for Cassidy.

"Sure, and you have turned very industrious lately, Pat," said an Irishman to a compatriot.

"That I have," responded the latter. "I was up before the magistrate last week for assaulting Cassidy, and the magistrate said that if I came back on the same charge he would fine me two pounds."

"Did he?" said the first speaker. "And you're working hard so as to keep your hands off Cassidy?"

"Don't belave it!" said the industrious one. "I'm working hard to save up the two pounds!"—*Pearson's Weekly.*

Scored.

Senator 'Plum, of Kansas, sat next to a New Yorker some few years ago at a public dinner given to a Kansas delegation by plutocrats with axes to grind.

The fish course presented itself in the form of a mammoth salmon, couchant and rampant amid its garniture.

"You don't have fish like that in Kansas, do you, Senator?" said the New Yorker.

"No" drawled the Westerner. "We don't need 'em. The Lord knows where to send brain food."

Cassell's Saturday Journal.

Smart.

When a deeply maligned Radical candidate was driving to a meeting to make a speech his carriage came in contact with a sweep's cart, with the result that the gentleman in question was covered with soot from a couple of bags which had been torn by the collision. Although almost as black as the sweep himself the candidate was determined to keep his appointment.

A large, unruly crowd was eager to hear the Radical speaker hold forth. When they saw his sorry plight he was greeted with shouts of derision and yells of, "Who are yer, wot have yer been doin' to yerself?"

"I'm in keeping with the character I've been given, as I am now as black as I've been painted," replied the candidate.

His good-humoured ready retort caused roars of laughter, and the meeting was a huge success, while the "black one" eventually got his seat.

Cassell's Saturday Journal.

Poor Mr. 'Ampton.

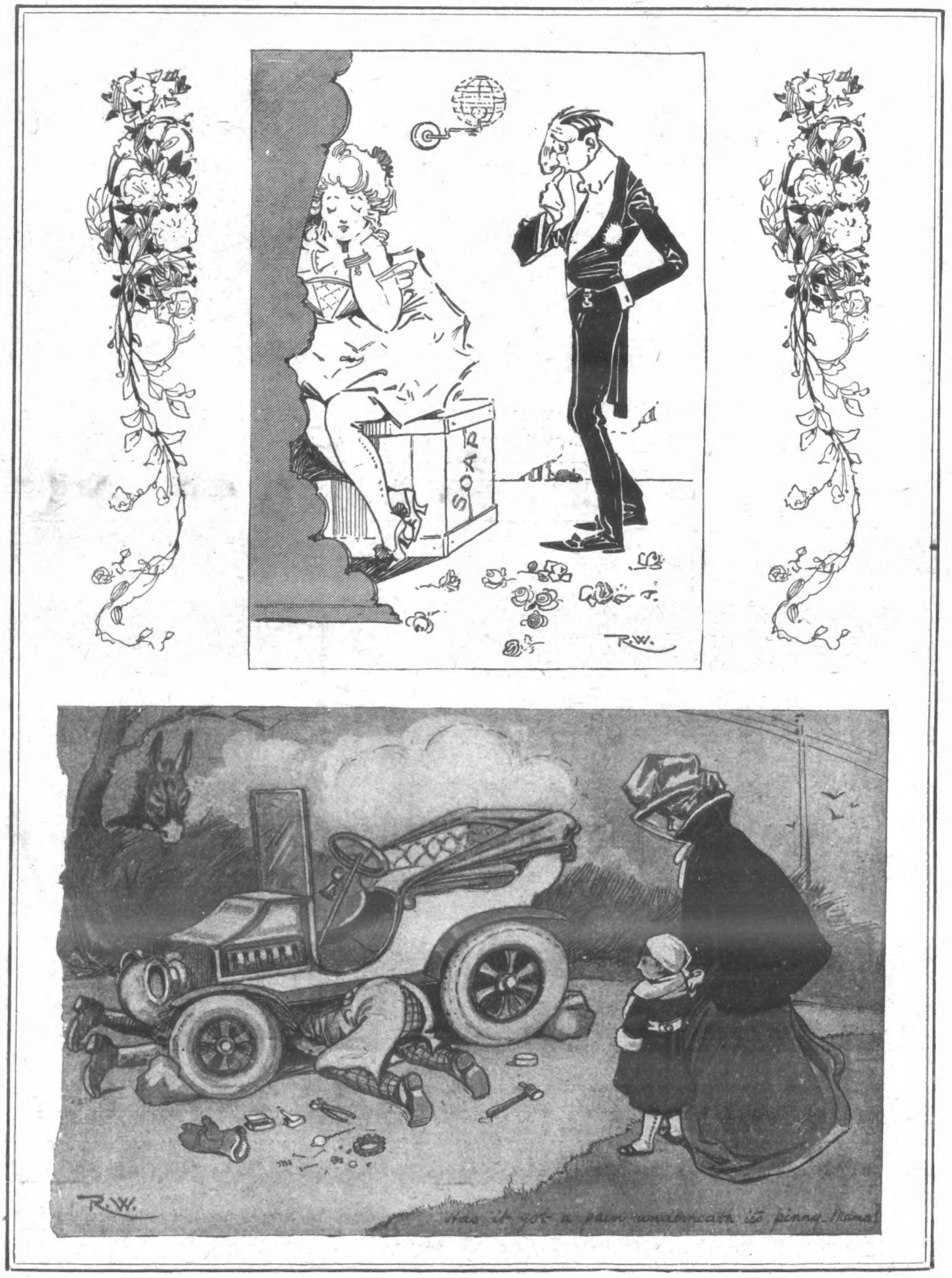
Last winter a gentleman was advertised to sing at a charity concert presided over by a local city councillor—a self-made man. The first song was "The Owl" (Stephen Adams). On rising to announce it, the chairman was interrupted and informed that the singer had not arrived, a fact of which he duly notified the audience.

A little later, however, the missing baritone made his appearance, and was observed by the worthy chairman, who called him without delay. But the singer had hurried, and had not recovered his breath, so, with apologies, another artist was requisitioned.

At length the baritone was ready. Mr. Councillor rose with evident pleasure, and innocently discomfited the long-awaited singer by announcing with marked confidence—

"Mr. 'Ampton will now favour us with the longed-for 'Howl.'"—*Pearson's Weekly.*

ARTIST ACCUSED OF CAMDEN TOWN MURDER.



COMIC SKETCHES BY ROBERT WOOD, WHO IS ACCUSED OF THE MURDER OF EMILY DIMMOCK AT CAMDEN TOWN.

The sketches reproduced above were made in Brixton Prison by Robert Wood, the young artist accused of the murder of Emily Dimmock at Camden Town. The letter accompanying the drawings says: "These are the work of Robert Wood, who is falsely charged with the Camden Town crime, and they have been executed by him in Brixton Prison within the past day or two." This letter is dated November, and is from the prisoner's brother.

P.I.P. PLAYGOER

BY THE PROMPTER.

FEW managers show such consistently sound judgment in their selection of plays as Mr. George Alexander, who, with "The Thief," Mr. Cosmo Gordon-Lennox's adaptation of Henry Bernstein's three-act drama, has got another big success which will fill the St. James's Theatre throughout the winter, and, indeed, probably until next summer, arrangements permitting, of course. But, to come straight to the point, although the story of the play is full of human interest, I do not think, from an artistic point of view, it compares at all favourably with other of Mr. Alexander's recent successes — "John Glayde's Honour," and "His House in Order" to wit. Still, there it is. "The Thief" will draw all London, and, in due course, the provinces as well.

***

The story, however, in some respects is not convincing. For instance, if Mrs. Chelford, exquisitely played by Miss Irene Vanbrugh, is, as we are told she is, honestly in love with her husband, what excuse is there for her accepting a boy's foolsome adoration? However, let that pass. Indeed, we forget all about such points when the husband, played with force and dignity by Mr. George Alexander, finds a bundle of stolen notes—the boy, of course, has been accused of stealing them—in a drawer in his wife's bedroom. There you have the second act, and a fine act it is. The dialogue is convincing and the acting superb. Indeed, it is safe to say that Miss Irene Vanbrugh, as the wife who confesses that she dresses beyond her means to keep her husband's love, achieves the triumph of her life. In the end there is more or less of a happy settlement all round, and we go home discussing whether the wife should or should not have been let off so lightly.

***

In such discussions, Mr. Alexander once told me, lies half the success of a play; and it certainly says much for his judgment that in the majority of his productions at the St. James's Theatre some moot point inevitably seems to arise to set us all talking. How, I wonder, does Mr. Alexander arrange these things? Altogether, "The Thief" is admirably cast. Mr. Sidney Valentine gives a sympathetic touch of a father's grief on learning that his son is guilty of theft; while Miss Lilian Braithwaite makes the most of her few chances. The detective Prothero, played by Mr. Lyall Swete, struck me as being a little "over-done."

***

Mr. Hall Caine tells me he is about to commence his next serious play, which—you may be interested to learn—will deal with a "woman's question," one of those intricate problems which have existed between the sexes from time immemorial. Frankly, I trust the problem will be more interesting than any knotty point Mr. Hall Caine has given us in "The Christian," which, however, seems to have interested many theatre-goers less critical than myself. Still, Mr. Caine tells us that it is a good play—and thousands have accepted his judgment at its own valuation.

***

I happened to meet Mlle. Gaby Deslys after her turn at the Alhambra the other evening, and this fascinating little Parisienne tells me that in January she will return to the Gaiety Theatre to join the cast of "The Girls of Gottenberg," in which rollicking musical comedy she will introduce some new songs—to say nothing of dances—which are now being specially written for her. In her spare time Mlle. Deslys is a most enthusiastic motorist, and is the proud possessor of a car the fittings of the interior of which are of solid gold. Phew!

***

The cast of "The New York Idea," which Mr. Herbert Sleath is producing at the Apollo Theatre in a week or ten days' time will be as follows:—

Mrs. Karslake	Miss Ellis Jeffreys
Mr. Karslake	Mr. Frederick Kerr
Mrs. Phillimore	Miss Ethel Matthews
Judge Phillimore	Mr. Frederick Volpe
Gates Darby	Mr. Edmund Maurice

Presumably, however, as there is already a Justice Phillimore on the Bench, this name will be changed.

***

Why on earth, I wonder, will outside members of the public waste their time in writing long-winded, love-sick epistles to actresses they have never met! The following "brainy" contribution was recently addressed to Miss Billie Burke who, by the way, has scored a tremendous success in America.

"Dear Miss Burke,—I 'm a man of few words. When I saw you singing and dancing so charmingly last night I decided that you were the only woman I should ever care to make my wife. Will you marry me? Here is my character, and full description of my disposition.

"Height, 5 ft. 10 in.; hair, dark brown; eyes, brown; complexion, inclined to be ruddy; a non-smoker; a teetotaller; good-tempered; income, £450 a year; a cottage at Thames Ditton, and a house at Maida Vale: have never been in love before; will never be in love again if you refuse me; good pianist; fond of reading and bright conversation; affectionate disposition, and no encumbrances.

"Forgive me for putting things so bluntly before you, but I see no possibility of getting an introduction to you, and I love you madly. With you as my life's partner, the future would be one long dream of happiness.

"Please address reply to my club.—Your love-sick admirer."

The only redeeming point, seemingly, in letter-writers of this sort of "fulsome footle" is that they support the revenue, eh?

***

Mr. Tom B. Davis will transfer "The Education of Elizabeth" to the Haymarket from the Apollo Theatre on Monday next. This play is alone worth a special visit on account of Miss Florence Lloyd's delicious character study of a "Show-Lady."

***

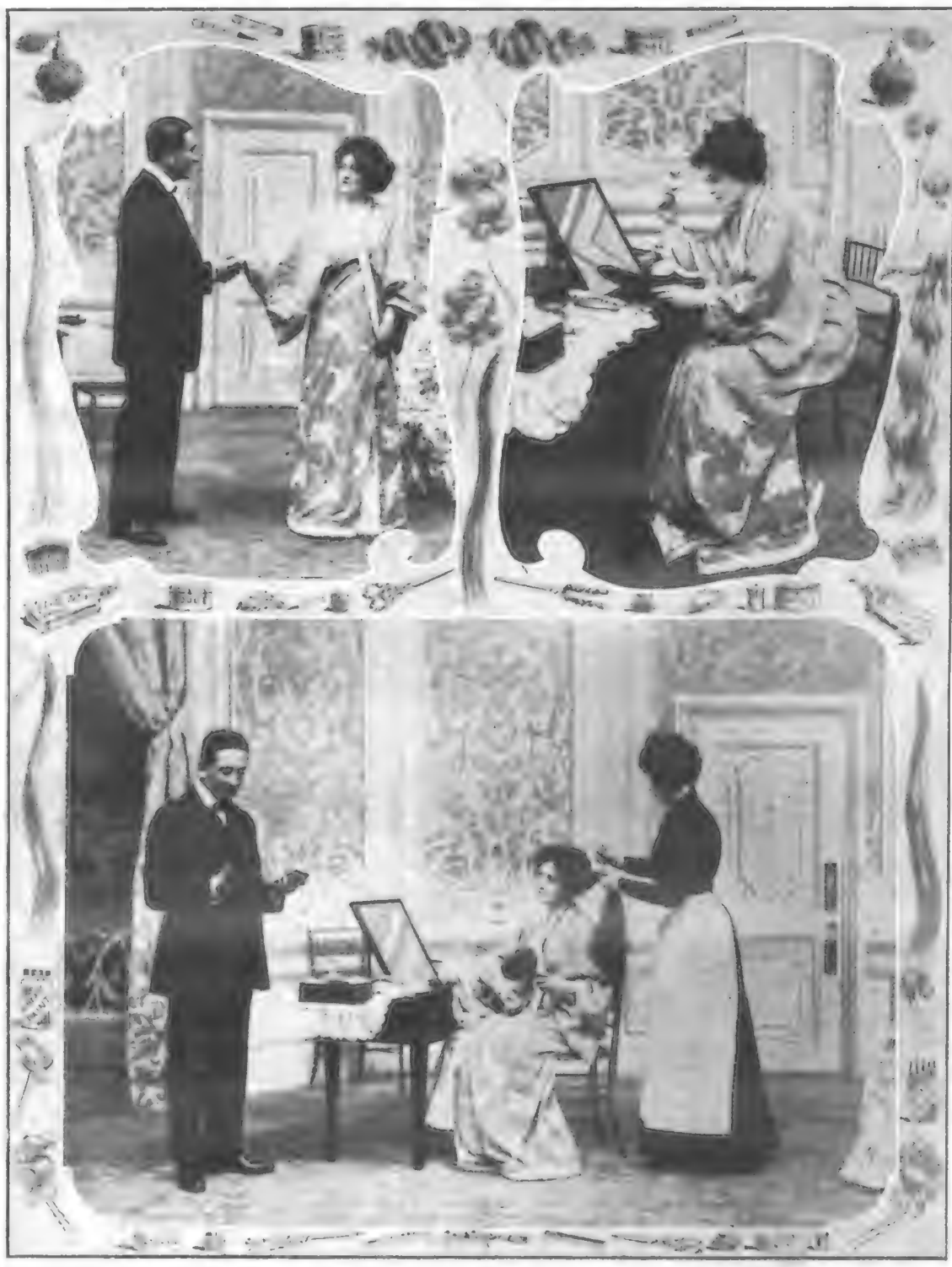
I understand that "The Barrier" will be followed at the Comedy Theatre by an adaptation from the French by Mr. Cosmo Gordon-Lennox, entitled, "The Platonics of Angela," with Miss Marie Tempest as leading lady.

***

Mr. Arthur Collins is making quite a new departure with the annual Children's Booklet of the pantomime. This year it will take the form of a book designed and written by Miss Winnie Burnand, daughter of Sir Francis Burnand, enclosing a paint-box, with which the youngsters are invited to enter on a painting competition for handsome prizes. Various scenes of "The Babes in the Wood," designed in colours by Miss Burnand, have to be copied, the prizes going to the best work. The booklet may be obtained as usual, post free, on application—post-cards only, to the Manager, Drury Lane Theatre. THE PROMPTER.

DRESSING-ROOM SECRETS A CURE FOR LOVE:

"LADY FREDERICK," AT THE COURT.



1. WITHOUT MAKE-UP AND DÉCOIFFÉE: LADY FREDERICK BEROLLES (MISS ETHEL IRVING) RECEIVES LORD MERESTON (MR. W. GRAHAM BROWNE).

2. LADY FREDERICK BEROLLES SHOWS HOW HER PEARL-BLOOM COMPLEXION IS OBTAINED.

3. REVELATIONS IN THE DRESSING-ROOM: LADY FREDERICK SHOWS HOW WEALTH OF HAIR IS A MATTER OF MERE MONEY.

The youthful Lord Mereston falls in love with Lady Frederick Berolles, and she, to cure him of his passion for her, shows him that her beauty is a thing of shreds and patches. Inviting him to her dressing-room, she allows him to see her "make-up," to discover that she wears false hair, renews her complexion with the aid of the paint-box, and brightens her eyes with belladonna. The "cure," it may be noted, is effective.

Photographs by the Dover Street Studios.

TYRES AT OLYMPIA.

ONCE again the Motor Show at Olympia affords evidence of the overwhelming popularity of the British-made Dunlop tyre. A count on Tuesday evening, Nov. 12, showed that on the cars exhibited there were 2181 tyres, of which 1205 were Dunlops, the remaining 976 being divided between no fewer than twenty makes. It will be seen, therefore, that there were more Dunlops than all other makes, British and foreign, put together.

THE MEXICAN NATIONAL EXHIBITION.

THE preliminary arrangements for the holding of the Mexican National Exhibition at the Crystal Palace from May to October next year have now been completed. The organisers did not consider it wise to make any official public announcement until it was known for certain that the Government of the Republic of the United States of Mexico were in favour of so important a movement and were willing to co-operate. This support has now been obtained, and large and influential British and Mexican Advisory Committees have been appointed. Under these circumstances, therefore, it is felt that a brief statement might now be placed before the public.

For some time past a Commissioner has been on a visit to Mexico for the purpose of obtaining the views of the Mexican Government and the people on the subject. The result has been most satisfactory. In all parts the scheme has received the heartiest support. The President of the Republic himself has taken the keenest interest in the matter and has intimated that, if his health permits, he will visit England during the Exhibition.

THE KAISER TAKES A FORTNIGHT'S REST IN ENGLAND.

South front of Highcliffe Castle, Hants, where the Kaiser is staying for a fortnight's rest as the guest of Sir Alfred Cooper, the present tenant

The rooms in the Castle are most luxuriously furnished. Our photographs show the Kaiser's bedroom and the drawing-room.

THE KAISER'S TIPS.

THE Kaiser, on leaving Windsor, left £2000 to be divided in tips among the servants at the Castle and in the stables.

Custom fixes £50 a day as the amount of the tips to be given by a royal visitor at Windsor Castle, but this sum is frequently exceeded. The following are some notable tips by royal visitors—

Louis Napoleon	£1500
Tsar Nicholas	2000
The Kaiser (in 1891) ..	500

All these royal visitors made valuable presents of jewellery, snuff-boxes, and other articles to the lords and ladies in waiting and the Court officials.

SHIP'S CAPTAIN PUT IN IRONS.

AN extraordinary story was told at the Liverpool Assizes the other day, when William John Taylor, aged thirty-six, captain of the Liverpool barque *Anastasia*, was charged with feloniously wounding his second mate, Charles Bew, on the high seas last August.

The captain, expecting stormy weather, ordered the crew to bend the heavy sails, and they refused to obey. Two days later, it was alleged, Taylor fired a revolver at Bew, the bullet penetrating his thigh.

The crew revolted, and put the captain in irons. He was taken to Rio de Janeiro, and ordered home to England in custody.

Medical evidence was given to the effect that Taylor was a victim to laudanum drinking, and a plea was made that the revolver was fired accidentally.

The jury first brought in a verdict of guilty, adding that Taylor was not accountable for his acts at the time of the shooting. The judge ordered that a clear verdict be given without qualifications, and the jury then found Taylor not guilty. He was thereupon discharged.

CHIEFS TO SEE THE KING.

THE King has consented to receive the five Swazi chiefs who are now visiting London, and will do so next week, after his return from his visit to Ingestre.

The chiefs have the strongest opinions about the British climate. Chief Josiah Vilakazi, who, with the exception of his brother Nehemiah, is the only Christian in the party, summed up Monday's gloom and wet simply but moderately as "Beastly!"

THE KAISER'S REST CURE.

THE German Emperor arrived at Highcliffe on Monday with his suite, the heads of the naval, military, and civil cabinets, General Dr. Ilberg, and the royal barber. His Majesty will stay incognito at Highcliffe Castle.

Highcliffe is a typical New Forest village of one street, with thatched cottages, and little "stores" dotted about it. Yet Highcliffe rose nobly to the occasion in the matter of decorations. Red, black, and white flags were hanging from small cottages, and outside one old ivy-covered wall a linguistic labourer had set up a card with "Hock" painted on it.

The principal hotel, a typical white-walled country inn, had the imperial eagle over the door, and was gay with flags. It was entirely occupied by those of the Kaiser's retinue who could not be accommodated at the castle. The Emperor's arrival was a contrast to the Windsor reception. There were no fanfares or guards of honour or addresses.

At Highcliffe Castle the Kaiser was welcomed by Colonel and Mrs. Stuart Wortley. There was a pretty scene as the Kaiser drove up the long avenue, for the school-children were gathered there, and cheered his Majesty lustily. The Kaiser lunched on his arrival, and immediately afterwards went out for a motor-car ride, notwithstanding the driving rain.

His Majesty's rooms are on the ground floor of the castle, and, oddly enough, he is surrounded with relics of ancient France. The castle itself was brought over piecemeal from Normandy and rebuilt here amid the pines.

In the Emperor's sitting-room there is a writing-table which belonged to Napoleon I.; and in his dressing-room is Marshal Ney's bedstead. The Kaiser's bed is one in which Marie Antoinette slept, and her original gorgeously embroidered bedspread is on the bed. Tapestries captured by Napoleon at Malta, and furniture that once belonged to Louis XIV., are other treasures which give delight to the Kaiser.

SWAZI CHIEFS ARRIVE TO SEE THE KING.

Photo. Illus. Bureau

Five chiefs from Swaziland reached London on Saturday, in order to pay their respects and present a petition to "the Great White King." Above they are arriving at their quarters in Kensington Gardens Square. Marked with a cross is Nogcogco, the son of a black queen.

EDITORIAL NOTICE.

The Editor is always glad to consider photographs of topical interest, but does not hold himself responsible for their safe-keeping.

No photograph or manuscript will be returned unless accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope.

All contributions should be addressed to—

THE EDITOR,

The Penny Illustrated Paper.

172, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

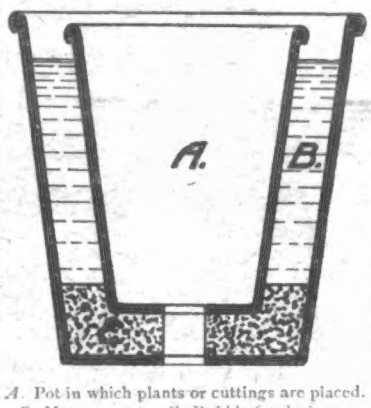
THE "P·I·P" GARDENER AND POULTRY-FANCIER

NOV. 23 TO 29.—The weather is keeping nicely bright and open, and in the few short hours of daylight at my disposal I find I have quite a number of tasks to perform. When the turf is moderately dry I take the opportunity to roll the lawn, and I am busy now in the flower-beds, breaking them up and digging deeply where possible. I am also giving the beds a mulch of well-decayed manure, working it into the soil to lay round the roots of the perennial plants. The fallen leaves provide a good deal of work just now, and they should be carefully swept up and stacked away in a corner of the garden, where they may rot and form leaf-mould. The present is an excellent time to use some of the leaves as a top-dressing for beds of lily-of-the-valley. Indoors, or under glass, water should not be given so frequently to plants, which should be kept drier and drier as heavily frosty nights approach. If you are thinking of growing hyacinths over water this should be started at once. Choose firm, heavy bulbs, and stand them in the glasses so that the water is about an eighth of an inch from their base. Use rain-water for the purpose, if possible, and in each glass place a piece of charcoal about the size of a walnut to keep the water sweet and pure. Glasses may be purchased from 2½d. upwards, and the kind with large swelling bases are the best. My own experience proves that blue and white bulbs are the most satisfactory, but reds are seldom so successful. King of the Blues is an excellent bulb to use. The bulbs I have planted in cocoanut and shell fibre, without drainage, are now doing splendidly, and I shall be shortly bringing them to the light.

My Garden Plans.

In every well-regulated nursery-garden the various sections are divided by thick, smartly kept hedges, and the hint might well be taken by many an amateur whose garden is at the mercy of bleak winds. There is nothing more tantalising than to find a good growth or well-balanced plants wrecked by a storm in the night, and hedges will also break the power of many a sharp frost in the early morning in late spring. Of course, a clump of bushy, sturdy evergreens at the exposed points will serve precisely the same purpose, and these remarks will come home to many a suburban gardener when he thinks how the wind whistles down the passage between his house and "next door." I have just such a passage myself, and the gate is totally inadequate to break the force of winter winds; the object has been gained, however, by planting euonymons, laurel, and privet in carefully chosen positions. Plants to break the force of the wind need not necessarily be high, but they should be uniformly thick and bushy.

Hedges for Shelter.



A. Pot in which plants or cuttings are placed. *B.* Moss or peat. *C.* Rubble for drainage.

One pot placed within the other to retain the soil in the smaller one in a moist condition. The intervening space should be filled with moss or peat. Such treatment is necessary when repotting delicate subjects, particularly in bad weather, when they are likely to "damp-off."

Those great, rosy-cheeked apples of Tasmania and California are coming to hand now, but they are not to be compared with home-grown produce for quality; and the shopkeeper who can say "English apples" of his stock finds the readier sale. It is, perhaps, a little-known fact that much of the excellent quality of fruit grown in these isles is due to the influence of the Gulf Stream. It brings to our climate that warm dampness or humidity that ensures our fruit its thin, fine skin. And not only apples and pears, but English strawberries, grapes, and tomatoes are said to be the finest in the world. The French tomato is coarse and thick-skinned compared with our English variety; and the English apple, if grown in a different climate, would shrivel in a day.

What the Gulf Stream Does.

In the columns of the popular *Farm, Field, and Fireside* I find a paragraph of great interest to every amateur gardener, and I take the liberty of reproducing it here. "Young or partly-grown roots of turnips will stand a good deal of frost uninjured," says the writer, "but the older or matured bulbs go soft under about 10 deg. of frost, and decay. These should, consequently, be taken up and stored in a shed, cellar, or clamp before severe weather sets in. It had better be done at once. A good way is to lay them in shallow trenches, cut in some sheltered spot, beneath trees or the like, just so deeply that the tops of the leaves project above the surface when the soil is filled in. One can easily see where they are, and, with the aid of a fork, they are soon got out. Or they may be roughly 'clamped,' like beet."

Storing Turnips.

Our august and imperial visitor, the German Emperor, seems to dabble in most things, from music and art to mere domestic economy, but it is not by any means universally known that among his other accomplishments he numbers those of a keen and enthusiastic amateur gardener. It is said, indeed, that his Majesty longs for the life of a simple country squire, and only recently he has been busy improving his model farm at Cadinen, in East Prussia. The Kaiser's particular fancy is to grow prize potatoes, tomatoes, and beets, and, no doubt he is up to all the tricks of the professional show expert in this direction. The best livestock and tip-top farm produce are among the Emperor's particular aims, and the Kaiserin is reported to be equally ambitious in this "back-to-the-land" hobby.

The Kaiser in the Garden.

A potato weighing 2 lb. 10 oz., and seven inches in length, grown by Mr. Medway, of Lower Hamworthy, Poole, a reader of "P.I.P."

The recent show at the Crystal Palace of the International Poultry Society was a great success, and the number of entries satisfactory in every way. At an auction sale at the close of the show some remarkable prices were realised, and more than a hundred birds changed hands at an average figure exceeding £4 apiece. The ever-popular Orpington strain appeared to fetch the highest prices, and two black hens of this class went for £50 each. To some slight extent there are flukes and chances in raising birds of very high commercial value; but the secrets of success are unapproachable stock, the best of conditions, and years of hard experience in mating and rearing.

£50 for a Hen.

MY BRIEF REPLIES.

W. I. (Reading).—If you will send me a stamped envelope I shall be pleased to forward you the name and address of an expert who will coach you for the Royal Horticultural Society's examination.

J. COLLINS.—Make your fowl-house of matchboarding rather than weather-boards. You would find it a great deal warmer for the birds, smarter, and—an item, of course—more thief-proof. I should suggest a corrugated iron roof, though felted weather-boards would serve this purpose well enough. Tar your fowl-house outside and whitewash the interior.

H. MACKENZIE.—I have an article in preparation for an early number on the making of window-boxes.

J. WILKINSON.—Pæonies are half-shade plants, and do not do well in the open bed in the full glare of the sun. Plant them away from the roots of trees.

HENRY KAY.—Yes, a crab-apple would do admirably in such a situation. It would cost you about half-a-crown. I often wonder more of these decorative trees are not grown.

I am always pleased to answer inquiries, and will do so through the post direct, when a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed for the purpose. Inquiries should be addressed to me personally at the *P.I.P.* Editorial Offices, 172 Strand, London, W.C.

A. COURLAND MARSHALL.

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The Childrens Corner

THE RED-HAIRED PRINCESS.

By NELLIE POLLOCK.

PRINCESS RUBINA'S hair was as red—as red as the most blushing pillar-box you ever saw. She wore her glowing, abundant tresses in twenty-four quaint little, straight little slender plaits which stuck out from her head like stiff meat skewers. Her hair was the torment of her life, and the more often she saw it in her mirror, the more ill-tempered she became, and the more ill-tempered she became the more ugly she grew, and the more ugly she grew the less her father's subjects loved her—and so it gradually dawned upon Rubina that she was very ugly—and worse still, she was unloved.

One day when she was walking through a lonely little lane she stopped short and looked about her—no, there was not a soul in sight, so she sat down upon a grassy bank and said to herself—

"I'll undo all these horrid, ugly, tickling red plaits, and just for once in my life I'll be like other little girls." So one by one the funny little scarlet skewers were unplaited, and as each one was released, it immediately fluffed right out and stood like a little bush behind her ear; then when the twenty-four plaits were undone, Rubina sat with a fuzzy scarlet bush around her face, and no matter how she tried to brush it aside, it fell back again into a thick cloud of red before her eyes, so that she could not even see. Then when Rubina saw what she had done, she felt frightened, for she knew that she'd never be able to plait it up again. Then she beat the hair from her face with two angry fists, but it gleefully jumped back again, and tickled her nose and ears and chin, till she cried; then, when her hot tears fell upon it, it became more bushy and fuzzy and frizzy than ever, and the Princess clasped her hands together and cried—

"Oh dear, oh dear, what *shall* I do?" and two impudent little frogs popped up and grinned till their mouths twisted right round to the backs of their heads.

"Oh, you horrid, hateful, rude little imps! Go away this minute!" cried Rubina, jumping up and holding her hair right up above her head. Then she ran backwards and forwards in her plight, looking like a dancing, scarlet bush, for her hair came right down to the hem of her dress, and all you could see of her shoes was just the least little bit of the toe-cap.

"What shall I do?" she cried, as her hair jumped into her eyes and tickled her neck.

"Do just as I tell you," cried a brisk little voice, "and then you'll never be miserable and unhappy any more."

"Oh!" squeaked the Princess in a tone of amazement as she caught up her hair and saw a tiny little laughing elf standing before her. "And who are you, pray?" she asked, as two big angry tears splashed into her pinafore.

"I'm the fairy Joye," answered the little lady. "And I'm always eager to help foolish little girls in distress; but you must do exactly what I tell you, or else I can do you no good."

"Oh," answered the Princess, who was now only too eager to do anything that would help her to get rid of her unfortunate hair. "Please tell me what

THE PRINCESS SAW A TINY, LAUGHING ELF STANDING BEFORE HER.

will cure the colour of my hair; and tell me why I am so ugly. All the other little girls at school are so pretty and sweet, and everyone pets them and loves them ever so much; but—but," added Rubina with a little sob in her voice, "no one loves me."

Joye felt very sorry for Rubina just then, for there is nothing more sad in the whole world than to hear a little girl confess that nobody loves her.

"Well, if you will follow my instructions, everything will turn out as you wish. Now for the first 'Don't.' Don't run to your looking-glass directly you get home from school and sit and cry at yourself, for that makes you sour-looking. So now you mustn't look at yourself even once for a whole year, then you'll forget that you are ugly, and you'll grow happy-looking—and perhaps something more," added Joye with a bright little smile. "Then for the second 'Don't.' You mustn't fly into a passion at the least thing that annoys you, for stamping your feet not only wears out the Brussels carpets, and also your pretty house-slippers, but it makes little nasty lines grow on your forehead. Every time you feel inclined to stamp and rave, just think to yourself, 'Now, if I overcome this, that 'll make my hair one shade less red!' And every time you do that your hair will gradually lose its fiery glow, and then when you have quite overcome your temper, and a whole year has passed by, exactly one year from to-day, you may go and look at yourself in the mirror—and you'll see something quite pleasing. Now, remember what I have told you, and if you break either of the rules, I can never do you any good"—and with these words the little fairy vanished, and Rubina let down her hair with a sigh of relief, for it had made her arms ache dreadfully to hold her hair up all the time the fairy was speaking.

"Oh, how lovely, how beautiful!" cried the Princess, forgetting everything save the Fairy's hopeful words. "Then I'll be like other little girls—and everyone will love me." And she began to dance a wild little jig over the tiny green hills as she wended her way home; but when she came across a group of boys who stood gaping at her with their mouths wide open she suddenly remembered her hair. Then she turned pale with fright, for she knew her governess would punish her severely for touching the twenty-four plaits which took her three hours to do every morning. So the Princess stopped her joyful scamper, and was just going to fly into a rage, when she remembered the Fairy's words; so, instead of screaming and stamping her feet, she rushed past the sentries with her head bent forward, so that they shouldn't recognise her; but they did, and burst into loud, ringing peals of laughter as they saw the little scarlet cloud fly past them.

"Oh—oh!" screamed her governess, rushing at her tiresome charge with blazing eyes and flushed cheeks. "What have you been doing, you wretched, tiresome, good-for-nothing girl?"—and she caught the Princess by the shoulders and shook her backwards and forwards till Rubina couldn't remember whether she was on her head or her heels.

But instead of screaming and shouting with passion, the Princess remembered the Fairy's words; so she set her face very hard and winked the tears back—and smiled!

"How dare you smile!" cried the irate governess. "When you come home a fright like this, and I punish you—you actually stand and grin in my face."

"Oh," said the Princess, half an-hour afterwards, as her shoulders smarted under the bony touch of her governess's fingers, "it's harder to bear than I thought; but still, if I really want to get rid of my hair and become pretty, I suppose I must bear it"; and, with a little sigh, she fell asleep.

Thus things went on for a long time, and the Princess found it harder and harder to bear each day, until there came a time when people said—

"Just look at Rubina's hair—is it not a pretty shade?" And, with a little gasp of joy, the Princess rushed upstairs to her mirror, and clapped her hands over her eyes just in time, for she suddenly remembered the Fairy's words. Of course, it was dreadfully hard when people said, "Isn't Rubina growing sweet-looking!" for she simply longed to fly to her mirror; but she knew that if she did the Fairy would not help her, so she sighed and ran into her garden and watched the sunbeams play, and hoped that her hair would one day be as bright and smooth and glad to see as they were.

At last it became so hard for Rubina not to see what she was like to look at that she made a big black bag, and hung it over her mirror, so that if she forgot and ran to see the colour of her hair, she would be reminded of the Fairy's words.

As time went on everybody remarked how sweet the Princess was getting, and how round and pink were her cheeks, until there came a day when it was announced that there was going to be a magnificent ball.

"I shall not be able to go," sighed the Princess to herself, "for I shall not be able to see if my dress is on back to front, or if my hair is arranged properly; and then, of course, there are mirrors all round the ball-room, and I couldn't help looking at myself." So she felt very disappointed when she heard all the girls talking about what they were going to wear.

At last the night arrived, and Rubina's governess insisted upon dressing her for the ball.

So every time she stood in front of the mirror she closed her eyes tight, and said, "Oh yes, you HAVE done my hair beautifully, and HOW sweet those pale-blue bows look!" And then when they were going down the stairs Rubina crept away and hid behind a curtain. "They'll never look for me," she thought, "and when they have all gone I'll rush upstairs again." But just as she was saying this there was a little rustle at her elbow, and the little Fairy Joye appeared before her.

"You have done well, my dear," she said, with kindly, beaming eyes, and she caught the Princess by the hand and led her to a long mirror.

"Look at yourself" said Joye "and tell me if you are pleased with the result of your labours." And, looking into the mirror before her, Rubina beheld a tall slim smiling Princess, with a crown of gleaming GOLDEN HAIR!

"It cannot be me! Oh, I can never look like that!" cried Rubina with joyous roses laughing in her cheeks, and dancing blue fairies in her eyes. "Surely it must be someone else," and she turned once more to gaze at her reflection.

"Yes indeed, it is Rubina, but a very different Rubina from the one I met some time ago" replied the Fairy laying her hand on the Princess's shoulder. "It is now a Rubina who has overcome her passionate temper, and also a fatal habit of staring at herself in the mirror.—Now go to the ball dear, and don't get your head turned with admiration and flattery."

"Oh how glad, glad, GLAD I am," cried Rubina raising the Fairy's fingers to her lips. "And how can I ever thank you?"

"By rushing off at once so that you will be in time for the banquet" replied Joye; and Rubina did accordingly and enjoyed herself as she had never done before.

THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

Conducted by Ellice Beere.

THERE is every promise of a severe winter, and no doubt this partly accounts for the fact that fur is being made very great use of as a trimming both for costumes and hats. The deep border of silk or velvet which has adorned skirts of both thin and thick material is being replaced by a band of fur, or, in some cases, accentuated by an edging of fur. This, however, is a far from practical mode; but a fur trimming to a tunic-skirt is equally effective in appearance and far more satisfactory in wear. Fur sets, which include hat or toque, are being shown in many cases, while milliners are manufacturing many separate specimens of fur millinery. Little hats of brown fur with small brims and moderate crowns look very smart trimmed with a single enormous rose, in white, rose-red, pink, or shaded purple; but a fur hat is never one which commends itself to me; it is like a fur coat, and admits of no change. Once worn, it must be worn the whole winter through, or only discarded on alternate days at the risk of various chills and ills. No one who is inclined to suffer from neuralgia should think of investing in a fur hat, while fur garments are also very difficult to equalise in the matter of warm clothing, since it is well known that there is nothing which comes up to fur in the matter of warmth, except fur. For those, however, who would rather die than not be in the fashion, a compromise may be effected by fur-trimmed hats. Very smart and jaunty indeed they are. I saw a very uncommon one the other day just sent over from Paris. There was a small brim of coarse lace, and a high crown completely hidden by a broad band of fur, the fur being dotted at regular intervals by the tiniest sprays of pink and blue forget-me-nots.

Fur, and Trimmings of Fur.

Salt-and-water makes an excellent gargle for the throat. Anyone who is an habitual sufferer from relaxed throat cannot do better than adopt this simple daily remedy. A little salt dissolved in the tooth-water has also a very refreshing effect when the teeth are being brushed. Bathing the throat and neck with cold water regularly every morning will also be found of benefit when there is any delicacy of the throat. Many people adopt the open-air treatment to ward off throat trouble, and go without collars. High, stiff collars are certainly to be regretted from many points of view. The freer and more unconfined the throat, the better its contour is preserved, apart from other considerations.

A Throat Gargle.

A black petticoat has the merit of looking well with almost any costume, and there are many who, I am sure, will be pleased to hear of an extremely smart black silk underskirt, which costs only 19s. 11d. It is made of best quality silk moirette, and is very handsome in appearance. The style is a very deep flounce of pleating, edged with a ruche. It measures six yards round the edge, and being of an exceptionally ample design, ought to wear well. A petticoat needs to be of generous proportions, as any skimpiness in cut puts a double strain upon the material. Another petticoat which is an equal bargain is a very fussy one of glacé silk, costing £1 1s. It has a deep flounce added at the foot, together with a double frill gathered into an upright heading at border. By no means the least charm of this petticoat is an underflounce of the same depth.

The Petticoat.

SPAIN'S BABY PRINCE. *Photo. Stuart.*

The first portrait of the Prince of Asturias taken in England. His Royal Highness sat for the picture last week.

If there is anything which makes for comfort in the bedroom it is a cosy dressing-gown and a pair of boudoir slippers. Just now there is an infinite variety of the latter article obtainable. Felt boudoir slippers in all colours cost only 1s. 9½d. and wear well. If preferred bound with fur they may be had in dark colours for 2s. 11d. For 1s. 11d. very smart slippers of quilted satin are offered in bright colours, such as scarlet, and delicate ones of pale pink and blue. Bound with fur those of quilted satin cost a shilling extra. At 3s. 11½d. a very elegant boudoir slipper is carried out in fancy brocade or tapestry. Any one of the pairs described would make a most acceptable Christmas present to come under the useful category.

Bedroom Slippers.

How to Trim a Plaid Costume.

Plaids are being revived in favour, but the pattern of them is distinguished by a difference. Blurred and soft effects are the vogue just now, and really the effect is charmingly pretty. A plaid material requires some caution in the matter of trimming. Plain bands of cloth or velvet are among the accepted forms, and it is difficult to be original and at the same time avoid being bizarre. Buttons are a safe novelty, and braid if skilfully introduced; and the plaid material itself may be arranged in strappings in such a way that the pattern forms a very effective trimming, broken up as it is by this means. Heavy raised trimmings of embroidery go to embellish an altogether different style of costume, and this is where the home-worker may turn her talents to advantage. A few touches of this description in the right place may well be the making of a gown.

How to Dress Well.

Frocks of flimsy fabric are being very successfully trimmed with one or two broad insertions of lace let into the skirt, and bound above and below with a band of velvet or other trimming. Touches of Oriental embroidery are displayed on all new models, and a yard or so of carefully chosen Oriental embroidery will work wonders in the way of renovations. There is quite a rage for chiffon velvet and velveteen, and it is really wonderful what a handsome material can be obtained at moderate price. Any woman of real and original taste can clothe herself much more successfully nowadays by buying her dress stuffs and giving them into the hands of a competent dressmaker than by purchasing her gowns ready-made. Of course, the great art in such cases is to get in touch with someone capable of executing ideas. For a woman who has only a small sum to spend upon each costume, two guineas may seem an excessive portion for the dressmaker; but the clever shopper finds it by no means difficult to obtain all the material and trimming necessary for about a sovereign, and a total expenditure of three guineas can only be regarded as moderate by even the most economical-minded. Of course, a great deal of time, thought, and trouble are saved when ready-made garments are invested in; but these never appear quite so exclusive nor so stamped with the individuality of the wearer.

How to Steam Without a Steamer.

Suet and other puddings are much lighter and more easily digested if steamed than if boiled. A steamer can be had at very small initial cost. and, besides cooking puddings, it will also be found useful for steaming potatoes, etc. However, if no steamer is available, the steaming can be easily done by putting a saucepan on to boil with very little water in it, and standing the pudding on a small cup or tin ring, so that it is quite out of the water. Draw the saucepan to the side of the fire, as it should only be allowed to simmer gently with the cover tightly fastened down. A pudding which is to be steamed does not require to be covered with a cloth, but with a piece of buttered paper. If a pudding is allowed to stand for a few minutes after being cooked and before being turned out of the basin, it will be found to slip much more easily than if dished up immediately.

Coffee-Stains.

Coffee-stains may be removed from the most delicate materials by rubbing the spots with pure glycerine and rinsing out in warm water afterwards.

To Clean Saucepans.

Enamelled saucepans which have been badly burnt or blackened can be very effectually cleaned by scouring with boiling water and some salt and sand.

To Colour Gravy.

A pinch of chicory will be found an excellent substitute for browning if added to gravy. It gives the rich brown tint so appetising in appearance.

To Prevent Down from Flying.

A useful hint for the busy needlewoman who, during the long winter evenings, may be making dainty cushions and pillows, is as follows: Before making up a silk cushion, iron the silk on the wrong side with an iron which has been well rubbed with wax. This will prevent the feathers or down used for stuffing from working through, as is apt to happen after a time.

To Lighten Kitchen Labour.

A little methylated spirit added to the black-lead when polishing the stove will greatly ease the labour, as the stove will take the polish much more quickly by this means. The same hint applies to furniture polish.

How to Make the Most of Odds and Ends.

The careful housewife will keep every atom of dripping and fat, clarify it, and put it away in clean jars to be used for frying, and also for plain pastry and cakes. To clarify dripping, put it, when hot, into a large basin and pour boiling water over it. Then leave it until cold. It will form into a hard cake of pure fat, while the water and sediment will sink to the bottom of the basin. Lift out the cake of fat, scrape away any gravy which may still adhere to the lower side, and lay on a clean plate, or break up and put away in a jar. Beef-dripping makes excellent short crust and plain lunch cakes, while mutton-dripping will be found very nice for frying. Crusts and stale pieces of bread should always be dried in the oven, grated, and kept in an air-tight tin, in order to be ready for cooking, garnishing, etc., when required. Much time is thus saved, when cooking in a hurry, by having the ingredients prepared and ready to hand. Bones of all kinds, the carcase of any fowl or bird, raw bones, cutlet trimmings, and so forth, should always go into the stock-pot. A good manager will look after all these small items, and thereby save many a shilling in the course of the year.

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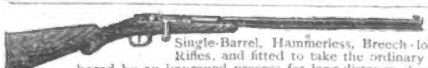

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The knowledge contained in this book is of PRICELESS VALUE TO EVERY MARRIED LADY, and has been the means of brightening the lives of thousands. It contains a large amount of valuable information. All will profit by reading it, as the knowledge gained is priceless, and cannot but do good. Sent in sealed envelope for 2 stamps.

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RESTORED TO HEALTH.

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Sample Bottle Gratis.

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Send three penny stamps. to pay the cost of carriage, to Coleman and CO., Ltd., Wincarnis Works, Norwich.

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P.I.P. Nov. 23, 1907.

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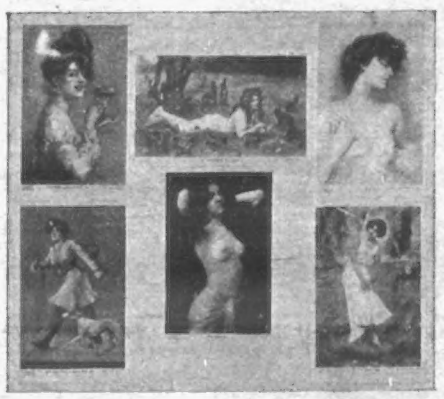

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